

The Musical World.

(REGISTERED AT THE GENERAL POST OFFICE AS A NEWSPAPER.)

"THE WORTH OF ART APPEARS MOST EMINENT IN MUSIC, SINCE IT REQUIRES NO MATERIAL, NO SUBJECT-MATTER, WHOSE EFFECT MUST BE DEDUCTED: IT IS WHOLLY FORM AND POWER, AND IT RAISES AND REMOVES WHATEVER IT EXPRESSES."—Goethe.

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VOL. 49—No. 48.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 2, 1871.

PRICE { 4d. Unstamped.
5d. Stamped.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—TENTH SATURDAY CONCERT, THIS DAY. Madame Lemmens-Sherrington, Miss Jose Sherrington, Mr. Vernon Rigby, and Crystal Palace Choir. Music to "Midsummer Night's Dream," and "Loreley" (Mendelssohn); "Saltarello," Gounod; Overture, "Sapphire Necklace" (Sullivan). Conductor—MR. MANNS. Single Stalls, Half-a-Crown; admission Half-a-Crown; or by Guinea Season Ticket.

THE ORATORIO CONCERTS.—EXETER HALL, WEDNESDAY next, December 6, at 8 o'clock.—Madame Cora de Wilhott, Miss Julia Elton, Mr. Sims Reeves, and Herr Stockhausen. Stalls, 10s. 6d.; area and gallery (numbered and reserved), 5s.; gallery, 3s.; area, 2s.; admission, 1s. At Novello's, 1, Berners Street, and 35, Poultry; the principal Music-sellers, and Austin's, St. James's Hall. The seats are entirely re-cushioned.

MADAME SAINTON DOLBY'S VOCAL ACADEMY.

MADAME SAINTON DOLBY begs to announce that her Academy for the Training of Professional Vocalists (ladies only) for Oratorios and the Concert Room, will open shortly after Christmas. Prospectuses on application at her Residence, 71, Gloucester Place, Hyde Park, W., or at Mr. George Dolby's Offices, 52, New Bond Street, W.

MRS. JOHN HOLMAN ANDREWS' NEW SONGS.

"WAITING, WATCHING," sung by Miss Edith Holman Andrews. Published at CHAPPELL'S.
"THE ADIEU," at DUFF & STEWART.
"GO, LOVELY ROSE," at WEEKES.
"MARY, BEREFT OF THEE," at DAVISON'S.
"LEGEND OF THE AVON," Old English Ditty, arranged with Chorus, for Ladies, at LAMBORN COCK & CO.
Also, by GERTRUDE HOLMAN ANDREWS,
"ANGELS," published at DUFF & STEWART'S.

MR. TRELAWNY COBHAM will sing "SALVE DIMORA" at Willis's Rooms, on the 2nd December, and at Hanover Square Rooms on the 7th. Also the principal Tenor music in the "MESSIAH" and "CREATION," in the Provinces, during the month.—For engagements, address 23, Somerset Street, Portman Square.

"THE SPRING."

MISS M. MILDRED will sing WELLINGTON GUERNSEY'S popular Song, "THE SPRING," at Kirkby-Lonsdale, on Dec. 6th.

MISS ROSE HARRISON (Soprano).—All communications respecting Concerts, Oratorios, &c., to be addressed to Mr. Cunningham Boosey, 6, Argyll Place, Regent Street, W.

"THE MESSAGE."

MR. KERR KEDGE will sing BLUMENTHAL'S admired song, "THE MESSAGE," at Norwich, December 7th.

MADAME SAUERBREY begs to announce that she has returned to Town, and requests that all applications for Concerts, Oratorios, &c., be addressed to her at her residence, 18, Springfield Road, St. John's Wood, or to her Agent, Mr. Cunningham Boosey, 6, Argyll Place, Regent Street, W.

HANDEL'S OBLIGATIONS TO STRADELLA.—An Article on this subject, by EDMEER PROUT, B.A., appears in "THE MONTHLY MUSICAL RECORD" for December. Price 2½d., post free.—London: AUGENER & Co., 88, Newgate Street.

THE Influence of Amateurs on Musical Art; Liszt's Youth; Fly Leaves from the Portfolio of an Old Schoolmaster; Mendelssohn's Unpublished Symphonies; Correspondence, Reviews, Concerts, &c., in "THE MONTHLY MUSICAL RECORD" for December. Price 2½d., post free. Yearly subscription, 2s. 6d., post free.—London: AUGENER & Co., 88, Newgate Street.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA, COVENT GARDEN.

THIS EVENING.

SATURDAY NEXT, DECEMBER 2nd,

IL TROVATORE.

Manrico	Signor Vizzani	Un Zingaro	Signor Casaboni
Il Conte di Luna ..	Signor Mendioroz	Azuena	Madame Trebelli-Bettini
Ferrando	Signor Foll	Ines	Mdlle. Bauermeister
Ruiz	Signor Rinaldini	Leonora	Mdlle. Tittens

The incidental DIVERTISSEMENT will be supported by

Mdlle. BLANCHE RICOIS and M. DESPLACES.

LAST NIGHT BUT FOUR.

Mdlle. MARIE MARIMON.

MONDAY NEXT, DECEMBER 4th,

DON PASQUALE.

Don Pasquale	Signor Borella	Norina	Mdlle. Marie Marimon
Ernesto	Signor Vizzani	(Her First Appearance in that character.)	
Dr. Malatesta	Signor Mendioroz		

After which the "RESUSCITATION SCENE" from

ROBERT LE DIABLE.

Roberto	Signor Vizzani	Elena	Mdlle. Blanche Riccis
Bertramo	Signor Antonucci		

LAST NIGHT BUT THREE.

Mdlle. TIETJENS, Mdme. TREBELLI-BETTINI.

Mdlle. MARIE MARIMON.

TUESDAY NEXT, DECEMBER 5th,

IL FLAUTO MAGICO.

Tamino,	Signor Vizzani	Papagena,	Mdlle. Colombo
Papagena,	Signor Mendioroz	I tre Damigelle }	Mdlle. Bauermeister
Sarastro,	Signor Foll	della Regina,	Mdlle. Marie Marimon
Il Sacerdote,	Signor Stefano		Mad. Trebelli-Bettini
Monastatos,	Signor Rinaldini		and
Astrifammante,	Mdlle. Marie Marimon	Pamina	Mdlle. Tietjens

Doors open at Half-past Seven; the Opera commences at Eight o'clock.

Stalls, 12s. 6d. Grand tier circle seats, 10s. 6d. Reserved box seats, 7s. Amphitheatre Stalls (reserved), 5s. Amphitheatre stalls (unreserved), 4s. Pit, 5s. Amphitheatre, 2s. Private boxes, from £4 4s to £1 1s.

Just Published.

"THE PRISONER'S LAST SONG."

The Verses by CHEDWIK TICHBOURNE.

Made the night before he was executed in Lincoln's Inn Fields for treason, A.D. 1536.

The Music by J. P. GOLDBERG.

PRICE 4s.

London: DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244, Regent Street, W.

"LADY OF THE LEA" QUARTET.
THE LONDON GLEE AND MADRIGAL UNION
 will sing HENRY SMART'S admired Quartet, "THE LADY OF THE LEA," at Newport (Monmouth), on TUESDAY, December 5.

MR. ALFRED BAYLIS (pupil of Delle Sedie) will sing the tenor air, "THE LORD IS VERY PITIFUL" (from Sir JAMES BENEDICT'S *St. Peter*), at Richmond, and also in Warwickshire during this month.—33, Craven Road, Hyde Park. "Mr. Alfred Baylis possesses a pure tenor voice, and good method of singing."—*Standard*.

"THE BOATMAN OF KINSALE."
MADAME EMMELINE COLE will sing WELLINGTON GURNEY'S Irish ballad, "THE BOATMAN OF KINSALE," on the 13th of December, at the Crystal Palace.

MR. OBERTHÜR begs to inform his friends and pupils that having fulfilled his engagement at Mr. Ullmann's Artists' Concerts (Künstler Concerte), throughout Germany, he has returned to London to resume his usual professional engagements.—14, Talbot Road, Westbourne Park, W.

THE GUITAR.
MADAME SIDNEY PRATTEN begs to inform her friends and pupils that she has RETURNED TO TOWN, and resumed her Teaching.
 38, Welbeck Street, Cavendish Square, W.

MADAME LAURA BAXTER begs to request that all communications respecting concerts, &c., may be addressed to her, at her residence, 19, Fulham Place, Maida Hill West, W.

REQUIRED, a few Voices of Refinement (Ladies and Gentlemen only), for a really Aristocratic Choral. Solvers fortnightly. Letters to be addressed to "Doctor," care of DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244, Regent Street.

GENERAL MUSICAL AGENCY.
MR. E. CUNINGHAM BOOSEY begs to announce that he is prepared to undertake engagements, for the most eminent Artists, English and Foreign; to arrange provincial tours, and to manage concerts, fetes, &c., both in London and the country. Among other important matters already entrusted to Mr. Boosey, are the engagements for the London Ballad Concerts, and the arrangement, connected with the performances of M. Offenbach's operas.—London: 6 Argyll Place, Regent Street. An Estimate of the expense of a Concert party, large or small, will be sent by return of post on application.

"GRATITUDE," Sacred Song, for Baritone or Contralto.
 Words from Psalm cxvi., Compass from A natural to F natural. Music by MILES BENNETT. Post free, for 24 stamps.—London: NOVELLO, EWEN, & Co.

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 POUR LE PIANOFORTE.

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Composées par **FRANZ ROSENFELD.**

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All as Songs.

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 SONG.

THE WORDS FROM THE GERMAN.

The Music by **R. T. GIBBONS.**

Price 3s.

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Just Published.
"FAREWELL MOTHER DEAR"

(Saraan).

Composed by **WARLAWOW.**

Price 3s.

London: DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244, Regent Street, W.

SIGNOR FOLI'S NEW AND SUCCESSFUL SONG.
"THE MARINER,"

Sung with distinguished success by SIGNOR FOLI at Glasgow, Edinburgh, Liverpool and at the Crystal Palace SATURDAY CONCERTS.

Composed by **LOUIS DIEHL.**

Price 4s.

London: DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244, Regent Street, W.

"Signor Foli was unanimously encoired in Herr Diehl's new and already very popular song, 'The Mariner,' which he gave with remarkable vigour and expression."—*The Times*.

"We must not omit to mention a song entitled 'The Mariner,' which is an excellent composition, by Louis Diehl. It was well executed by Signor Foli, and was encoired as much for the beauty of the composition, as the excellence of the singing."—*The Observer*.

"Signor Foli obtained an encoire for a capital song, 'The Mariner,' by Herr Louis Diehl."—*The Graphic*.

"PLEIN DE DOUTE,"
 SONATA FOR PIANOFORTE SOLO.

Adagio maestoso, Allegro con brio, Romanza, Intermesso, Scherzo and Trio, Rondo brillante. Composed and Dedicated by permission to

MADAME ARABELLA GODDARD,

By **BERNARD FAREBROTHER.**

London: LAMBORN COCK & Co., 63, New Bond Street, W.

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MARCHE BRESILIEENNE
 POUR LE PIANOFORTE,
 Par **IGNACE GIBSONE.**

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 GRAND VALSE DE CONCERT POUR LE PIANOFORTE.
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A COMMUNICATION TO HIS FRIENDS.

BY RICHARD WAGNER.

(Continued from page 736).

It was in this sense that I endeavoured to find vent for my excited feelings, by devising the plot of a drama, *Jesus of Nazareth*. Two overpowering scruples restrained me, however, from filling up my outline. They sprang, on the one hand, from the contradictory nature of the subject, such as it is known to us; and, on the other, from the recognised impossibility of having such a work publicly performed. The story, as impressed upon the people by the religious dogma and the popular notions concerning it, would have had to undergo too sensible an amount of violence, had I attempted to convey in it my modern consciousness of its nature. I must have merely hinted at its popular points, and have made alterations with an intention more philosophical than artistic, in order to withdraw it unobserved from the usual aspect under which it was viewed, and exhibit it in the light in which I have learnt to behold it. Even had I succeeded in overcoming this difficulty, I could not have failed to perceive that the only thing capable of imparting to the subject the significance intended by me, consisted of nothing more or less than our modern circumstances; and that this significance could be of use only if presented to the people at *that precise period*, and *not* when the circumstances had been overthrown by the revolution, in which—on the further side of these circumstances—the only possibility was to be seen of the drama's ever being publicly presented to the people.

I had, I must state, so far made up my mind as to the character of the movement at that epoch, that I felt we must remain altogether with the old state of things, or carry out completely the new. A clear, unobtrusive glance at the outward world distinctly demonstrated to me that I must inevitably abandon the subject. This glance, out of my brooding solitude, cast upon the external political world, showed me the catastrophe, near at hand, which could not fail to swallow up every one seriously bent upon effecting a fundamental and essential alteration in the bad state of things, if he did not love his existence, even in such a bad state of things, better than aught else. Considered with respect to the defiance openly and boldly hurled at the old system, which had lived itself out, but which wanted at any price to preserve its existence, the plans formerly conceived by me, like that for a reform of the stage, could not now fail to strike me as childish. I gave them up, as I did everything else which had filled me with hope, and thus deceived me as to the true nature of things. With a presentiment of the unavoidable decree which could not fail to affect me, do what I might, as well as others, if I only remained true to my nature and to my sentiments, I now fled from any occupation connected with artistic projects; every stroke of the pen I formed would have appeared to me ridiculous, when I could not possibly any longer deceive and stultify myself by an artistic hope. In the morning, I quitted my room with its deserted writing-table, and wandered alone out of doors, to sun myself in the awakening spring, and, in its growing warmth, fling away all selfish wishes, capable, by deceptive pictures, of still binding me to a world of circumstances out of which all my yearnings impetuously drove me.—In this condition I was overtaken by the Dresden revolt, which I, with many others, held to be the commencement of a general uprising in Germany; after what I have stated, who can be blind enough not to perceive I had no choice left, when I had only resolutely to turn my back upon a world, to which, by my nature, I had long ceased to belong.

I know nothing to which I can compare the delicious feeling which—after I had got over the first painful impressions—permeated me, when I felt I was free, free from the world of torturing and ever-unfulfilled wishes, free from the relations in which these wishes had been my sole nourishment, a nourishment which was consuming me! As nothing any longer bound me, now that I was proscribed and a fugitive, to a lie of any kind whatever, as I had flung behind me every hope, every wish connected with this victorious world, and, with the most unfettered frankness, could call out to it, loudly and openly, that I, the artist, despised, from the deepest recesses of my heart, a world that so hypocritically pretended to be anxious about art and

culture; when I could tell it that, in all its life-veins, there did not flow one single drop of real artistic blood; that it was not capable of emitting from within itself a breath of human civilization, not an aspiration of human beauty—I felt, for the first time in my life, thoroughly, completely free, well, and in good spirits, though I might not know where I should have to conceal myself the next day, to inhale the air of heaven.

Like a dark picture from out some fearful Past, long since left behind, Paris had once more swept by me, as, in conformity with the advice of a well-meaning friend, more anxious about my material good fortune than my inward satisfaction, that was the place whither I first betook myself, and which, on my first recognition of its loathsome shape, I cast like some nocturnal phantom from me, hastily fleeing, and directing my footsteps to the fresh Alpine ranges of Switzerland, in order, at least, not to smell any longer the pestilential odour of the modern Babel. In Switzerland, under the protection of quickly-gained and honest friends, I commenced by collecting my strength to promulgate a protest against the pretended victors of the revolution, whom I had to strip of that title of their sovereign rights by which they gave themselves out as protectors of art. Thus I again became an author, as I had once become in Paris, when I cast behind me my wishes for Parisian artistic fame, and revolted against the formal element in the prevailing system of art; now, however, I had to speak out against the entire system in its connection with the entire political condition of the modern world, and the breath I needed for the purpose had to be of more enduring nature. In a smaller work, *Die Kunst und die Revolution*, I first laid bare this connection, and duly denied the name of art to that which, under the protection of the name, is simply a speculation on the badness and miserableness of the modern "public." In a somewhat exhaustive treatise, published under the title of the *Kunstwerk der Zukunft*, I demonstrated the deadly influence of the above connection upon the being of art itself, which, as egotistically parcelled out in separate modern arts, had become incapable of bringing forth the real and only valid work of art, because the only one that was intelligible, and able to contain a purely human purport. In my latest literary effort, *Oper und Drama*, I showed, entering more definitely upon the purely artistic subject, how *Opera* had hitherto been erroneously considered, by critics and artists, as that work of art in which the germs or even the perfection of the Art-Work of the Future intended by me had already been displayed; I proved, moreover, that it was only by reversing entirely the plan hitherto pursued in *Opera* that proper results were to be obtained, taking the lessons taught by my own artistic experience as the basis for my description of the reasonable and sole judicious relation between poet and musician. With that work, and with the present *Communication*, I feel I have satisfied the impulse which ended by making me a literary man, for I think I am justified in saying that he who does not yet understand me, cannot understand me under any circumstances whatever, because—he does not choose.

During this literary period, I never entirely ceased to occupy myself with artistic plans. I had formed, generally speaking, so clear an idea of my position that I believed all the less in the possibility of seeing one of my works produced *then*, because I had upon principle given up every hope of deriving any benefit from the theatres, and consequently all attempts to do so; in my own mind, too, I did not entertain the remotest intention, but, on the contrary, felt the greatest repugnance, to endeavour, by new efforts, to render the impossible possible. Still there was, in the first place, sufficient outward motives to place me in at least more distant relations to our public art. I had gone perfectly without means into banishment, and a possible success as an operatic composer in Paris could not fail to be regarded by my friends, and finally by myself, also, as my only source of a certain and permanent means of livelihood. In my own mind, however, I could never believe in the possibility of such a success, the more especially as the bare idea of having aught to do with the operatic world of Paris was something for which I felt a repugnance from the very bottom of my soul. In the face of material want, and because even my most sympathising friends could not regard my opposition to the plan as perfectly justified, I at length endeavoured to force myself into

a last and agonizing struggle with my nature. But, even in this case, I would not swerve a single step from my system, and sketched out for my Parisian librettist the plot of *Wiland der Schmied*, whom my friends already knew, from my hints at the conclusion of the *Kunstwerk der Zukunft*. So I once more went to Paris—it was, and will be, the last time I am ever prevailed upon, from a consideration of outward circumstances, to do violence to my real nature. That violence weighed so painfully and so disturbingly on me, that, on this occasion, solely and wholly from the weight of the pressure, I was on the point of perishing; a feeling of indisposition, paralysing all my nerves, attacked me so violently the instant I entered Paris, that I was compelled by that fact alone to give up all the measures necessary for realising my intention. Soon afterwards, my illness and my state of mind became so insupportable, that, impelled by an involuntarily powerful instinct of life, I prepared, for the sake of self-preservation, to have recourse to extremes; to break off with everyone at all still friendly inclined towards me, and to set out for some utterly strange world—God knows where!—In the extremity to which I was reduced, I was, however, understood by some most genuine friends; by the hand of indescribably gentle love, they diverted me from the step I was about to take. Thanks to those who alone know whom I mean.

Yes, I now became acquainted with the fullest, the most noble, and the most beautiful love, the only real love; love which does not impose conditions, but comprehends its object as the latter is, and as, in conformity to its nature, it cannot help being. That love, too, preserved me for art!—On my return, I again entertained the notion of carrying completely out musically *Siegfried's Tod*; but, of this resolution, half was despair, for I knew that, under existing circumstances, I should be writing the music only for the paper. The insupportably clear knowledge of this fact again gave me a disgust for my intention;—impressed with the feeling that I should still be generally misunderstood in my efforts,* I again had recourse to literature, and wrote my book on *Oper und Drama*. Again was I completely dispirited and cast down, as to what artistic aim I should select; fresh proofs which I had received of the impossibility of my making myself artistically understood by the public, again inspired me with a thorough distaste for new dramatic labours; and I thought I was bound to confess openly to myself that it was all over with my artistic productivity. It was then that a friend raised me out of the deepest dejection; by the most thorough and most moving proof, that I was not solitary, but profoundly and ardently understood—even by those who were generally farthest removed from me—he made me once more an artist, and, on this occasion, an entire artist. This wondrous friend is

FRANZ LISZT.
(To be continued.)

THE NEW YORK HARMONIC SOCIETY.

(From "Watson's Art Journal," Nov. 4th.)

We class the performance of Mendelssohn's *Elijah* among the most important musical events of the season. Not on account of the excellence of the performance, but because of the assurance it promises of a choral society in the future which shall be worthy of the first city in the Union. The facts on which we base our belief that this promise will be fulfilled are known not only to us but to all the prominent writers of the press. These are, first, that the attendance of singing members has increased from a mere handful, five months ago, to three hundred steady workers. Secondly, that they have been steadily consistent in their attendance at rehearsal, and were all at their posts on the night of the performance.

These are the strong points which give us hope for the future; for we recognise in them a steady determination to progress, a laudable ambition to excel, a zealous pride in the reputation of their association, and an earnest desire to extend its influence, and to increase the number of its members. Animated by such motives, there is no mere peradventure that can keep them back—they must succeed. One year of loyalty to the society, in the faithful discharge of their duties,

* Nothing could prove this—among other things—more clearly to me than a letter which I received from a former friend, a composer of repute, and in which he warned me "to leave politics alone, for nothing came of them." This confusion—I cannot say whether it was intentional or non-intentional—in considering me a politician, and wilfully overlooking the purely artistic purport of the views I had previously expressed, was for me something revolting.

prompt attendance at all rehearsals, unfailing attendance at all concerts, an intelligent enthusiasm for the cause,—and before the time mentioned has elapsed, the reputation of the Harmonic Society will be such, that members will flock in by the score, and it will be deemed an honour to be enrolled in its ranks.

The performance of *Elijah*, on Tuesday evening last, was, in its general excellence, very encouraging. It was by no means perfect, but it showed so many strong points, under the circumstances, that it must be looked upon as a success. The voices are fresh and good, the intonation excellent, and the enunciation better than that of any chorus we remember to have heard. They were not as steady as old stagers, but they were watchful of the conductor's eye, and obedient to the wave of his baton, so that much artistic colouring, and many fine effects were produced, in a manner that surprised us.

The weak point in the performance on Tuesday was, in many cases, the feeble attack of the leading points; but this is the weak point of almost every chorus, and it is not to be charged heavily against a society which has only been in practising existence for six months. It must be remembered that the society as a body has hardly rehearsed for more than the space of two months, for during the period anterior to that, the society was forming. At each rehearsal additional members joined, and each had to begin at the beginning, so that, in fact, but few full rehearsals could be obtained. Under these circumstances, much allowance must be made for some of the shortcomings in the choral department. In every respect it was so infinitely superior to any performance given by this society for the past few years, that we can justly congratulate it and its conductor, Dr. James Peck, upon the good results of earnest and intelligent work.

Santley gave us a grand reading of *Elijah*,—grand in declamation, in spirit, and in voice. Madame Patey acquitted herself admirably; and Miss Wynne and Mr. Cummings were very acceptable in their solos. Some of the concerted music was most exquisitely performed.

The orchestra was fine in its component parts, and the accompaniments, with two exceptions, were very well executed. Indeed we have rarely heard the accompaniments better subdued than on this occasion.

MUSIC AT MUNICH.

(From a Correspondent.)

The Richard Wagner Association for promoting the performance of the *Nibelungen*, at Bayreuth, an Association under the immediate patronage of the Emperor of Germany, the King of Bavaria, and the Grand Duke of Saxe Coburg, lately held a meeting to settle its constitution. The principal statutes are as follow:—Every person purchasing a ticket, payable in three instalments of 5 florins each, in December, 1871; January, 1872; and January, 1873, is a member of the Association. One person may become the possessor of several tickets. Tickets may also be purchased at a subsequent date, as far as the number of Patron's-Certificates will allow, by supplementary payments. With the amount accruing from the sale of the tickets, Patron's-Certificates will be purchased; for these, lots will afterwards be drawn by the members. For every thirty-five original tickets, there will be an entire Patron's-Certificate worth 300 thalers, or three-thirds of a Certificate at 100 thalers each third. Each such part of a Certificate entitles the holder to witness the performance of the entire work, that is to say: the four performances. The Association furthermore undertakes, by getting up concerts, &c., to render the drawing for the Certificates more favourable for the members by purchasing with the receipts of the concerts, &c., additional certificates, to be distributed among the said members. The Association will also procure Patron's-Certificates from the Central Office for all persons desiring to become at once Patrons of the undertaking. As we have stated, on a previous occasion, the performance of the "Festival-Stage-Play," will take place in the summer of 1873. The list of those who have taken tickets is already considerable, and, among the names, there are some very well-known ones.—At his first Quartet Soirée, Herr Jos. Walter, Royal Concertmeister, presented his patrons with the following programme: Quartet, E flat major, Haydn; Quartet, G major, Schubert; and Quartet, F minor, Beethoven.

BREAKFAST.—EPPS'S COCOA.—GRATEFUL AND COMFORTING.—The very agreeable character of this preparation has rendered it a general favourite.—The *Civil Service Gazette* remarks:—"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast-tables with a delicately flavoured beverage which may save us many heavy doctor's bills." Each packet is labelled: JAMES EPPS & Co., Homoeopathic Chemists, London. Also makers of Epps's Cacaoine, a very thin evening beverage.

MR. PLANCHE'S "RECOLLECTIONS."

(Communicated.)

(Concluded from page 722.)

The following extract is chiefly interesting from the distance a few generations will carry us into the "Byways of History," and will tend to show how much indebted English life and society have been to the "Revocation of the Edict of Nantes," which cruel act was the means of introducing so many French families to our country, and afterwards improving our stock by the absorption within it of some of the best blood and talents, and upon which Mr. Smiles is so eloquent in his famous *History of the Huguenots*, published a few years ago:—

"In the first place, respecting my parents. I stated in that letter (the one just quoted) that they were French refugees. I should have said, more correctly, that they were the children of French refugees, both of them having been born in London. My father was the youngest son of Paul Planché and Marie Anne Fournier, his first wife. He was born in 1734, baptised at the French Protestant Chapel, Leicester Fields, and received the name of Jacques from a godfather who rejoiced in the magnificent appellation of Jacques de Guyon de Pampeluna, as I have recently discovered from the registers of that chapel, preserved at Somerset House; but who or what that illustrious foreigner may have been I am woefully ignorant. My principal reason for mentioning the exact date of my father's baptism is to record the fact that when 12 years old he passed over Tower Hill during the execution of the rebel Lords Kilmarnock and Balmerino, August 18th, 1746. An old gentleman, the late Mr. William Dance (father of Charles, my *collaborateur* in the *Olympic Revels*, and several other pieces), to whom I mentioned the circumstance, instantly 'capped' it by exclaiming: 'My father built the scaffold!' My grandfather must have remembered the battle of Blenheim. My father was born before the battle of Culloden, and lived to read the accounts of the battle of Waterloo; and in the reign of William IV., I was talking to a hale and hearty octogenarian, whose father was born in the reign of William III., and whose grandfather probably had seen Charles II. My grandfather did not long survive my father's birth; and he, with his brothers and sisters, were too soon made miserable by a stepmother, who, as I have often heard my father say, drove him, still a mere boy, out of the house by her cruel conduct. He made his way to Geneva, where he learned the art and mystery of watch-making, and was in Paris in 1757, where he saw Damien taken to execution for the attempt to assassinate Louis XV. One of the most tender-hearted of human beings, he had not tarried on Tower Hill to see the axe fall upon Lord Kilmarnock; I need scarcely say he did not follow the procession to witness the tearing asunder of a fellow creature by four horses."

How relationship will involve us in many grave and exciting difficulties in the time of war the following amusing extract will certainly show, and serve to bring to our minds the serious state of affairs that must have existed in the hearts of our own Queen and royal family, not only during the Danish, but the Austrian war, where so many of their immediate "kith and kin" were fighting a *outrance* against one another! "I have mentioned that my father and mother were first cousins, she being the only child of Antoine Planché, youngest brother of Paul, by Mary, only daughter of Abraham and Catherine Thomas (both *Prussians*), who came over to England in the suite of Caroline, Queen of George II.; so that during this lamentable war I have been really surprised that I have not died of spontaneous combustion, and can only attribute my escape from at least serious intestine commotion to the letters of naturalisation prudently taken out by my ancestors, by virtue of which they became British subjects, and consequently imparted to the blood of their descendant that benevolent neutrality which has, I trust, secured to us the eternal gratitude of both the belligerents."

After Mr. Planché's introduction to Drury Lane, his real life seems to have commenced, for there he was in his natural element, and meeting with people of a kindred spirit, and with whom he afterwards passed many happy years of friendship and close intimacy. He thus speaks of this period of his career:—"Drury Lane Theatre in 1818 was under the direction of a committee of noblemen and gentlemen, to most of whom I was, of course, presented, but unfortunately a change had just taken place, and amongst the retiring members was Lord Byron, who had already left England never to return. I never ceased to regret my missing, by only a few months, an introduction to that truly noble poet. I cared little about knowing the Earls of Yarmouth and Glenall, who were on the new committee; but to be personally acquainted with Kean, Munden, Dowton, the two genial *Jacks* (they were never called anything else), Bannister, and (Irish) Johnstone, Harley, Knight, Oxbergy (the elder), Mrs. Glover, Mrs. Orger, Mrs. Mardyn, and Mrs. Robinson, the two latter, perhaps, unsurpassed in beauty as the two former, also handsome women, were in talent, was to me a gratification as great as it was unexpected. I lived in the green-room, went home but to dine, and reluctantly to sleep. Nor were these great actors and actresses the only attraction of the evening. Some of the best writers and most celebrated wits had the *entrée* behind the scenes, and frequently availed themselves of the pleasant

privilege. Two of the most constant visitors were James Smith, of *Rejected Addresses* celebrity, and Samuel Beazley, the architect and dramatist. It would be difficult to name two more amiable as well as amusing persons, and I enjoyed the friendship of both as long as they lived."

The following anecdotes will well serve to illustrate the character of the "Recollections" now under review, and in the one respecting the altered fortunes of a once gay and welcome visitor in the *élite* of society there is a fine lesson to be learned of the changes in life which are the lot of the great as well as the small, and which are disarmed of much of their painfulness when they are for the worst, if borne with resignation and philosophic content. "Dear, good-tempered, clever, generous, eccentric, Sam Beazley. He died in Tonbridge Castle, where he resided for the last few years of his life, having a professional appointment in connection with the South Eastern Railway. Many years before he wrote his own epitaph:—

"Here lies Samuel Beazley,
Who lived hard and died easily."

"Alas! the latter declaration was not prophetic. He suffered considerably a short time before his decease, and, his usual spirits occasionally forsaking him, he one day wrote so melancholy a letter that the friend to whom it was addressed observed, in his reply, that it was 'like the first chapter of Jeremiah.' 'You are mistaken, my dear fellow,' retorted the wit, 'it is the last chapter of Samuel.' There was another habitué with whom I became acquainted at the same period, one of the last of that peculiar style of fop whose dress and manners were unsparingly caricatured in the print-shops, and became conventional on the stage. But with all his extravagance of attire, his various coloured under-waistcoats, his rouged cheeks, and coal-black wig with portentous toupee, poor old Sir Lumley Skeffington was a perfect gentleman, a most agreeable companion, and bore 'the stings and arrows of outrageous fortune' with Spartan courage and Christian resignation. Though his fair-weather friends had deserted him, no complaint or reproach ever passed his lips. But once only, during the many years we were acquainted, did I hear him allude to the misery of his position. We were the only two guests at the dinner-table of a mutual friend, and Sir Lumley had been particularly lively and entertaining. Our host being called out of the room to speak to some one on business, I congratulated the old gentleman on his excellent spirits. 'Ah! my dear Mr. Planché,' he replied, 'it's all very well while I am in society; but I give you my honour I should heartily rejoice if I felt certain that after leaving this house to-night, I should be found dead on my own door-step.' I shall never forget the deep but quiet pathos of these sad words. I am happy to add that he lived to inherit a small property, and ended his days in peace and comfort."

One other extract from these pleasant chapters, and we must close our present notice, promising from time to time to give other peeps into the pages of Mr. Planché's "Recollections," which, never having "kept a journal or even a note-book," are certainly a remarkable instance of a well-trained memory, and a green and vigorous old age, destined, we sincerely hope, to bear yet further literary fruit, and so prove to the world of letters, if such proof be necessary, that the good service pension of one hundred a-year, which Mr. Gladstone has just bestowed upon our veteran writer, has been well earned, and a great deal more deserved than many of the sinecures and rewards which fall so freely to almost every other profession than that of a hard-working, moral-teaching, mirth-inspiring, painstaking, and too often, however he may have entertained the public for years, utterly disregarded dramatic author!

"The acting-manager of Drury Lane Theatre at that period was Mr. Stephen Kemble, brother of John and Charles and Mrs. Siddons. His obesity was so great that he played Falstaff without stuffing. I saw him do it on one occasion, but the effect was more painful than amusing. He evidently suffered under the exertion, and though his reading of the part was irreproachable, he lacked the natural humour, and was too ill at ease to pourtray the mere animal spirits of the jovial knight. But did any one ever see Sir John Falstaff except in his mind's eye? Dowton was, in my opinion, the best representative in my time. His eye had the right roguish twinkle; his laugh, the fat self-satisfied chuckle; his large protruding under lip, the true character of sensuality; but his memory was notoriously treacherous, and the text suffered severely. He used to say to an author, 'D—n your dialogue! give me the situation.' As Duncrow, in more recent days, was wont to exclaim, 'Cut out the *dialogue*, and come to the *osces*!' but Shakspeare cannot be so cavalierly treated with impunity. The 'first green-room'—for there was a 'second' in those days for the ballet and chorus, besides a room for 'the supers'—the first green-room of either of the great theatres royal at the time of my introduction to them, was certainly one of the most delightful resorts in London, combining the elegance and courtesy of fashionable life with all the wit, mirth, and admirable 'fooling' to be found in literary, theatrical, and artistic circles. Presided over by men of liberal education, accustomed to the highest society, however great the fun

it never degenerated into coarseness nor passed the bounds of good breeding. No visitor was allowed to enter who was not in full evening dress. Even the actors were excluded if in boots, unless when attired in their stage habiliments. The principal ladies had each her page waiting in the corridor to pick up her train as she issued from the green-room, and bear it to the wing or other point of her entrance on the stage. *Nous avons changé tout cela!*—Whether for the better or not, I leave it for others to say."

MODERN THEATRICAL CRITICISM.

Proof how little interest comparatively speaking is taken in theatrical matters is afforded by the infrequency with which volumes of collected criticisms upon plays and actors are published. At the beginning of the present century when the stage, in spite of complaints constantly heard, was in as flourishing a condition as it has ever known, and when Kean, Kemble, Siddons, Cooke, and a host of minor stars, shone brightly in the theatrical firmament, volumes of criticism were sought after eagerly. Men like Hazlitt, Leigh Hunt, and Lamb, wrote concerning plays and actors in a style of eulogy which can no longer be rivalled, and their criticisms upon contemporary events have now become authoritative, and in a sense classic. During the last twenty years or so, if we except the cumbrous and ill-arranged *Journal of a London Playgoer*, of Professor Morley, a work which has not that most indispensable of things in a book of its sort, an index—nay, has not even a table of contents, no republished criticisms have been given to the world, nor is there any sign to indicate that a work of the kind is likely in the future. One small volume now in our hands aims at giving some account of proceedings at a few theatres, together with scattered observations upon the causes which impede the success of the stage and the drama. In taking this volume without further indication for the subject of general remarks, and in abstaining from a critical analysis or account of its contents, we are influenced by a motive which we think should always control those into whose hands is assigned the task of reviewing books. The volume, which is, in fact, little more than a tract, has not been sent for review. The only case we hold that justifies the selection for critical purposes of a book on which a judgment has not been solicited, is when its contents have special merit or interest, or when it is likely that a knowledge of its contents will be of serious advantage to a large class of readers. In other cases an unsolicited and hostile review is an impertinence, and the question is still mooted whether or not an adverse verdict may not render the writer of the review, or the proprietor of the newspaper in which it appears, open to legal proceedings.

No such reason as we have mentioned justifies us in dealing with the book before us. It is useful for purposes of suggestion, containing here and there an idea in which there is some value, and it furnishes a convenient text for a homily. But its style is singularly crude and incorrect, and most of its assertions are mere platitudes. To some thoroughly unpractised pen may safely be assigned a treatise in which scarcely a sentence free from grievous grammatical blunders presents itself. Here, however, is an attempt at reprinting theatrical criticisms, the first that has for many years been witnessed, and it seems something like a satire upon this age that its verdict upon theatrical affairs is to be thus represented. Those who hold that theatrical criticism now-a-days is unsatisfactory, may undoubtedly make out something of a case. Such subtle analyses as we are accustomed to in the writings of Hazlitt, such delightful disquisitions as are given by Lamb, such animated descriptions as are owing to Colley Cibber, are now seldom or ever encountered. In general value, however, modern theatrical criticism stands much higher than it is the fashion to rank it. Where its shortcomings are most evident is in the domain of the highest theatrical art. There the opportunities afforded it are so insignificant that there is no room for surprise that it attains no special excellence. Suppose a critic to possess the subtlety of Diderot, the erudition of Lessing, and the universality of Goethe, it would still be difficult for him to display such qualities to advantage. Essays contributed to weekly or monthly periodicals might, of course, contain any amount of information, comparison, or analysis. But for criticism of this class there is at present no demand. What the public wants and obtains is an account in the morning's newspaper of the proceedings at the previous night's performance. How many things militate against the chance of criticism so written possessing special value is at once obvious to those familiar with writing. Almost every difficulty a writer can know is placed in the way of the critic. He writes when the mind, at the close of a long day, is in its most jaded condition. No small degree of labour is involved in the mere fact of going through the long performance on which he has to comment. Those who love dramatic performances it is almost impossible to convince that witnessing a play can be regarded as work. Where, however, the attention has to be fixed upon every detail of action, style, scene, construction; where every point in the evolution of plot has to be noted and carried away, and when every feature in acting has to be marked and recorded, the task is far from

light. From the floating body of impressions obtained the critic has to sift those that are of importance. He has to frame these into a more or less shapely whole, and present them with such graces of style as will render them palatable to his readers. This task, moreover, he has generally to perform at an hour past midnight, and with constant incentives to that hurry which is fatal to the best workmanship.

Managers and actors conspire to throw additional obstacles in his way. The manager produces his piece in a deplorable state of incompleteness. It is difficult to over-estimate the influence of this worst and most besetting sin of English management. When a performance is scarcely more than an unsatisfactory and early rehearsal, when long delays impede the progress of the action, when scenes refuse to work, and whole portions of the play are, as is sometimes the case, omitted, it becomes scarcely possible for the critic to form a just estimate of the piece he contemplates. Actors, sharing in the general want of preparation, forget their parts, omit whole sentences, mis-deliver others, or supply the place of the dialogue of the author by their gag, which consists generally of such jokes as they have found secure the laughter of the most ignorant portion of their audience. Familiarity with such things enables the critic generally to detect these disgraceful devices, and to separate the "gag" of the actor from the words set down in his part. It is, however, a pretty constant experience of the critic to find on revisiting a play some night after its first production that it seems scarcely like the same piece on which he sat in judgment.

One more difficulty is the necessity of blending with the task of the critic the functions of the reporter. The behaviour of the audience has to be reported, the hubbub of a noisy and wholly intolerable claque has to be observed, and behind its indecent demonstrations the opinion of the small percentage of genuine playgoers has to be noticed. Taking these things into account, we find it difficult to resist the conviction that dramatic criticisms are, upon the whole, remarkably able and satisfactory. They may not give very elaborate disquisitions upon the theory and practice of dramatic art, but to what portion of the readers of a newspaper would such be attractive? A series of papers, such as the *Dramaturge de Hambourg* of Lessing, would be almost enough to sink a morning newspaper, were its position not very firm. For one person who cares a trifle about the niceties of dramatic art there are a thousand interested to know that the Princess of Wales was present at a first performance. Meanwhile the dramas do not very readily lend themselves to criticism of the highest order. What need to introduce the niceties of art when a piece may safely be condemned upon the broadest of broad principles? Modern dramas, as a rule, display no care for art whatever. A dramatist who ends his acts with a tableau, and who provides somewhere near the close of the piece a fall from a rock or a tower, a ship or a barn on fire, or some similar effect, has attained his highest aim; his only other effort is to produce a few old puns or jokes, which will make the lowest portion of the audience laugh, and will enable his friends to credit him with command of brilliant dialogue. To weigh a piece of this kind, to point out wherein it comes short of the highest standard of art, is so long and ridiculous a task that the fact of its being attempted proves the critic a novice at his work.

In the first gush of youthful enthusiasm, the newly-appointed critic shows a Quixotry of this kind, but its uselessness becomes speedily apparent. It is like erecting a draught furnace to singe the wings of a moth, and after a few experiments our novice dismisses the whole with the sneer which it deserves. Taken into account what has been said, let any dispassionate reader look at the criticisms in the most influential newspapers, and see if he can seriously condemn them. For ourselves, speaking as one of the craft, likely if popular verdicts upon writers are true to be moved by every species of jealousy and rivalry, we own to feeling a warm admiration for the qualities they constantly display. That they are much better than they were ten years ago is generally admitted. The gushing criticism of the small dramatist, anxious to conciliate the management for which he was preparing a drama, and including in one flood of eloquent laudation every body concerned in the production of the piece, is over. The days, too, of merciless slaughtering for the sake of showing the writer's power of invective are also past. A piece is judged fairly, and upon its merits; the one defect to which the acrimonious can point being a most condonable tendency to mercy in judgment. But what knowledge of the stage, and its resources, what profound acquaintance with past literature, what grace of style, may not be discovered? We could point, were it fair or proper in one journal to mention the writing of another, to some criticisms in a newspaper of highest importance, which in point of style appear to us absolutely unsurpassable. Rich, sinuous, fervid, and picturesque, the style may compare with any master living or dead of the English language. High as this praise sounds, it is justified. No English writer whatever is possessed of a style in which more of grace and picturesqueness is accompanied by greater correctness and force. To those, moreover, ever so slightly behind the scenes, the sly humour with which the disapproval

is hinted, and the weakness of the effects of which the public approves is pointed out, has a wonderful charm. To those who know, it seems like a thrust from a rapier, compared with a blow from a sledge-hammer. In another we find the past history of the drama illustrated in a series of preliminary observations, given with exceeding delicacy of style and trustworthiness of information. Such is the value of the information conveyed, that we own to having, for the sake of these essays, and those alone, continued to take in a journal distasteful in every other respect to our feelings. We could go on through the entire range of our newspapers, and show that in all there was something worth reading and reprinting. We cannot help hoping that some of these criticisms will be collected and published, if only for the sake of the coming generations. It will be rather hard for modern actors and for playgoers who follow us, if the only sources of information obtainable are the books on the stage that now exist. J. K.

THE CLAY AND EGERTON CANTATAS.

We do not, as a rule, encourage the production of amateur works in public. Life is short, and even professional art is long, so that there exists no need for those who follow art in their "spare time" to present us with necessarily crude and imperfect effusions. Amateur works have their proper sphere; and whether the worker be a vocalist, an instrumentalist, or a composer, it is better for himself, and especially better for the public, that he remain content with the appreciation of his own friendly circle. This is the general rule, to which, however, if there be no exception, something like an exception now and then presents itself. When, for instance, an amateur has given repeated proofs of special ability, and has earned the favourable verdict of skilled judges, it would be foolish as well as wrong to deny him a hearing. Nature laughs at conventional distinctions; and there is no law to hinder her from richly endowing with musical ability the clerk whose chief mission consists in driving a pen, or the rustic whose business talk is about bullocks. While enforcing the general rule, therefore, as a matter of self-defence, we should be cautious in exceptional instances. Messrs. Frederic Clay and Seymour Egerton are undoubtedly entitled to such a hearing as was given them in St. James's Hall, on Wednesday. The first-named gentleman has long been publicly known through the means of works brought forward on the operatic stage, at the Gallery of Illustration, and on the concert platform. Mr. Clay ranks substantially as a professional in all save that he does not turn music into a means of living. If Mr. Egerton has been less prominently before the public, circumstances just now make it desirable for the public to know what he can do. The honourable gentleman has been appointed "Deputy-Commissioner for Music" at the Royal Albert Hall—a high place, no doubt, and one which may rank among the few prizes open to students of the art in this country. We refrain from discussing here the propriety of giving such a post to an amateur; and will merely state that Mr. Egerton's qualifications are not so well known as to place his fitness beyond the possibility of cavil. Hence the timeliness of Wednesday's performance, and the advantage of the deputy-commissioner's self exhibition.

Turning first to Mr. Clay's cantata, *The Knights of the Cross*, we find Mr. Reece, author of its libretto, thus explaining its scope and character:—

"This cantata was originally written and composed for the Civil Service Musical Society; a circumstance which will at once account for and excuse the absence of female voices. In its construction the object in view was to present, not a connected narrative, but two contrastive scenes suggestive of the characteristic sentiments of Christian and Pagan before one of the important engagements during the Third Crusade. The work, therefore, claims to be no more than a vehicle for musical colouring."

Hence, *The Knights of the Cross* presents us with a succession of pictures very slightly connected one with another, and capable, for the most part, of being considered each for itself alone. The first tableau shows evening under the walls of Acre, with the crusaders joining in prayer to the sacred sign of their faith. A hymn, "Symbol of glorious woe," treated in a manner suggestive of Meyerbeer, is the chief feature of this opening scene. Then, a tenor recitative, "Hush'd is the prayer," describes the camp as the warriors sit around their fires, and an episode, "Now at the camp fires' blaze," shows both spirit and clever treatment. A "shop" song for bass, "Say, whose is the standard that waves in the van," follows, and may be dismissed at once as noisy and commonplace. These qualities, however, will hardly be a disadvantage as "shop" songs go. Now the scene changes to the Saracen side, amid the strains of a characteristic "symphony," which disposes us to believe that Mr. Clay had the "Hardy Gurdy" song from Schubert's *Winterreise* in mind when writing it. A recitative, "From out the city steals the gentle flow," next describes Oriental revelry, and is made as characteristic as possible by the conventional attributes of Eastern music. The impression thus made is continued through a "Slow Dance" and a

"Quick Dance" with chorus, "Strike swifter, louder measure," the latter being exceedingly animated and none the less effective because calling to mind the *Walpurgis Night*, and the "Anvil Chorus" of *Il Trovatore*. A lover then retires from the throng to serenade his mistress, under the foreboding that the morrow's battle will end his career. The serenade, "Shine, tender dawn of day," is far beyond anything else in the work. It may suggest reminiscences of Gounod; but this is more than atoned for by tender and beautiful expression, charming accompaniment, and a sustained power, such as, now-a-days, we rarely meet with. Mr. Clay deserves hearty congratulations upon this striking success, and he has ours without any reserve. The Finale comes next, and combines the war songs of Christians and Saracens with a tenor solo which assures some "pale drooping maiden" that her lover shall return a victor. This number is scored with special brilliancy, but in his search for effect Mr. Clay should not have so boldly used the materials supplied by M. Gounod's *Nazareth*. There is a medium in all things, above all in using other people's ideas. On the whole, Mr. Clay's Cantata must be pronounced a clever work—interesting if not original; skilful if not great. Its performance could not easily have been better, thanks to the composer's own direction of a magnificent orchestra, a good chorus—the male voices of the St. Cecilia choir—and the solo singing of Messrs. Reed Larwill, E. Lloyd, and Lewis Thomas. Mr. Thomas obtained an encore, for his energetic delivery of "Say, whose is the standard?"

Whether Mr. Egerton, or his librettist, Mrs. Freae, is responsible for the subject of *A Pastoral*, we of course, cannot say, but if the "Deputy-Commissioner for Music" did not suggest it, he acted unwisely, in our opinion, by accepting it. *A Pastoral* is *The Seasons* over again—that is to say, from the Egerton-Freae point of view. The poetry has merit by contrast with the general run of "words for music," and, though not able to bear minute criticism, answers its purpose very well indeed. "Winter" is the first season treated, its treatment being appropriately dull. A long introduction, of no special significance, a long recitative, "Stern season," and a dirge, "Weep o'er nature's sable bier," makes one speedily wish that "Winter were over and gone." But after an effective quartet and chorus, "O, King Eternal and Divine," comes an animated concerted piece, "Joy, joy, the sun emerges bright." Here we have a suggestion of the "Bacchus" chorus in *Antigone*, as well as touches which recall other things; but the great fault is an undue spinning out of inadequate materials—a fault yet more exemplified in the "Triumphal March," illustrative of spring's advance. The march is well scored, and if Mr. Egerton will cut away one third, it may be accepted as a good thing. In "Spring," a somewhat Gounodish air for soprano, with violin *obligato*, "Streams o'er yonder meadows flowing," makes a pleasant effect, which, after a commonplace part-song, is enhanced by a really clever and characteristic "Maypole Dance"—one of the most charming numbers the work contains. The next season opens with a tenor air, "Summer comes on golden wings," wherein Mr. Egerton's tendency to monotonous effect appears with unwelcome force. Its want of contrast is very conspicuous. A trio for female voices, "Hark, the merry bells," with slight wind accompaniment, follows; and next comes the most successful number of the work—a chorus, "On a rosy cloud advancing," with a brilliant pianoforte *obligato*. Apart from novelty of structure this piece is decidedly effective, and an encore it obtained was a fitting testimony to merit. "Autumn" brings another monotonous song, for contralto, "Stillness slumbers o'er the grove;" after which come a trio, "While ye bless heaven's bounteous hand," and the finale, "By Thee, O Father," the latter a long and elaborate movement combining solo with chorus, and adding harp and organ to orchestral resources. Portions are undeniably effective, but Mr. Egerton rarely knows when to stop; and in this case also, he pursues his ideas too far. There is no escape from the conclusion that the Cantata is dull as a whole. Certain numbers may enjoy a separate existence, but the work, in its entirety, cannot hope to live. We must highly praise the performance, which Mr. Egerton himself directed; and notably the solo singing of Miss Blanche Cole, Madame Trebelli-Bettini, Mr. Vernon Rigby, and Mr. Lewis Thomas. Both Cantatas were well received, and the composers of both were duly honoured by a large audience. THADDEUS EGO.

BRUSSELS.—*La Fille du Régiment* has figured in the bills of the Théâtre de la Monnaie, for the purpose of introducing Mlle. Monrose to the public of this capital. The lady was favourably received. *La Coupe Enchantée*, an unpublished two-act opera, by two Belgians, MM. Kirch and Radoux, is to be shortly brought out.—In future, the Concerts Populaires, directed by M. Samuel, will be given in the Théâtre de la Monnaie, instead of at the Cirque, which latter is now transformed into the Alhambra.

Le testament de Monsieur de Crac, a new operetta, by M. Charles Lecocq, has been produced with great success at the Théâtre des Bouffes Parisiens, Paris. The libretto is by M. Jules Moineaux.

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS, ST. JAMES'S HALL.

FOURTEENTH SEASON, 1871-2.

DIRECTOR—MR. S. ARTHUR CHAPPELL.

THE SEVENTH CONCERT OF THE SEASON.

MONDAY EVENING, DECEMBER 4th, 1871,

To commence at Eight o'clock precisely.

BEETHOVEN NIGHT.

Programme.

PART I.

QUARTET, in B flat, Op. 18, No. 6, for two violins, viola, and violoncello—Madame NORMAN-NERUDA, MM. L. RIES, ZERBINI, and PIATTI Beethoven.
SONG, "The Valley"—Mr. MAYBRICK Gounod.
SONATA, in C major, Op. 59, dedicated to Count Waldstein, for Pianoforte alone—Mr. CHARLES HALLE Beethoven.

PART II.

TRIO, in G major, Op. 9, No. 1, for violin, viola, and violoncello—Madame NORMAN-NERUDA, MM. ZERBINI and PIATTI Beethoven.
SONGS, { "Forget me not" } Mr. MAYBRICK { Bennett.
SONATA, in A major, Op. 12, for pianoforte and violin—Mr. CHARLES HALLE and Mme. NORMAN-NERUDA Mendelssohn.
Conductor M. ZERBINI. Beethoven.

SATURDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.

SATURDAY AFTERNOON, DECEMBER 2, 1871.

To commence at Three o'clock precisely.

PROGRAMME.

QUINTET, in B flat, Op. 87, for two violins, two violas, and violoncello—Madame NORMAN-NERUDA, MM. L. RIES, ZERBINI, HANS, and PIATTI Mendelssohn.
SONG, "The Spirit Song"—Miss ENRIQUEZ Haydn.
SONATA, in C major, Op. 2, No. 3, for Pianoforte alone—Mr. CHARLES HALLE Beethoven.
ADAGIO, in F major, for violin, with pianoforte accompaniment—Madame NORMAN-NERUDA Spohr.
SONG, "Adina"—Miss ENRIQUEZ Schubert.
TRIO, in D major, Op. 70, No. 1, for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello—Mr. CHARLES HALLE, Madame NORMAN-NERUDA, and Signor PIATTI Beethoven.
Conductor SIR JULIUS BENEDICT.

CRYSTAL PALACE CONCERTS

TENTH SATURDAY CONCERT, December 2nd, 1871.

PROGRAMME THIS DAY.

1. OVERTURE, "The Sapphire Necklace" Sullivan.
2. SONG, with CHORUS, "Come if you dare"—Mr. VERNON Huby and the Crystal Palace Choir Purcell.
3. MUSIC TO THE "MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM." Overture, Scherzo: Allegro molto vivace. Fairies' March. Duet with Chorus, "Ye spotted snakes." Allegro non troppo. Intermezzo: Allegro appassionato—Allegro molto comodo. Notturmo: Andante tranquillo. Wedding March: Allegro vivace. Funeral March: Andante comodo. Dance of Clowns: Allegro di molto. Finale, "Through this house: Allegro di molto—Madame LEMMENS-SHERINGTON, Miss JOSE SHERINGTON, and the Crystal Palace Choir Mendelssohn.
4. SONG, "Oh, the joy of truly loving" (*The Dream*)—Mr. VERNON HUBY Costa.
5. DUET, "Soli" aria (*Figure*)—Madame LEMMENS-SHERINGTON and Miss JOSE SHERINGTON Mozart.
6. SALTARELLO Gounod.
7. MUSIC TO "LORELEY." Madame LEMMENS-SHERINGTON and the Crystal Palace Choir Mendelssohn.
Conductor Mr. A. MANNS.

DEATH.

On Friday, 24th Nov., Mr. ISAAC COLLINS, the well known violinist, aged 74 years, greatly respected and regretted by many friends and pupils.

NOTICE.

To ADVERTISERS.—The Office of the MUSICAL WORLD is at Messrs. DUNCAN DAVISON & Co.'s, 244, Regent Street, corner of Little Argyle Street (First Floor). It is requested that Advertisements may be sent not later than Thursday. Payment on delivery.

The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 2, 1871.

A NEW PARISIAN ENTERTAINMENT.

"THERE is a time to laugh"—said a wise man—"and a time to weep;" but, unfortunately, a discerning of the time is

not given to every individual, nor to every community. Men and nations, for example, are often found laughing when they should be weeping; and this seems to be the case with France, or, at all events, with the city which represents the head—we should be sorry to say the heart—of that unhappy country. Paris ought, indeed, to sit in sackcloth and ashes, and to raise that "exceeding bitter cry" which springs as much from self-reproach as from actual suffering. She has endured, in this our time, the fate which we once thought could only befall the Ninevehs and Babylons of the ancient world. Her environs a waste, her monuments a ruin, her people decimated, her pomp a remembrance;—of Paris, it might be truly said "Let them write Ichabod upon her walls, for the glory is departed." Surely such a state might suggest even to Frivolity itself, that the semblance, if not the actuality, of soberness is demanded by the eternal fitness of things. Men do not crack jokes at a funeral; and though Nero fiddled while Rome burnt, the indulgence of Nero's artistic fancy at that particular moment is not generally accounted good taste. We might have expected, therefore, some concession to propriety at the hands of the desolated French capital—if but the homage which vice pays to virtue. But Paris will be Paris to the end of time. Ahab and his sons may die; the conquering Jehu may sweep in triumph past the palace; but Jezebel will paint her face, tire her head, and leer out o' window.

A people may be known by their amusements; and it is, just now, even more sad to read the notices of Parisian entertainments than to watch unhappy France floundering through the swamp of her misfortunes, under the shifty guidance of Monsieur Thiers. But we would call special attention to a new opera which was brought out the other day at the Variétés. What composer, does the reader think, has Paris taken to her heart at this juncture? Who, of all musical men, has she elected to honour? We answer—Monsieur Hervé, author of *Chilpéric*, and whilom, a caperer and posturer on the stage of our own Lyceum. But let the personality of Monsieur Hervé stand aside, that we may show what kind of narrative is thought worthy to be the actual amusement of Parisians. The opera is called *Le Trône d'Ecosse*, and here follows a sketch of its plot:—

Mac-Razor and his fellow-conspirators, standing before the statue of Robert Bruce, swear to kill Queen Jane by upsetting her carriage, and to place a descendant of Robert upon the Scottish throne. Such a descendant they fancy to have discovered in Robert Mouton, a French bagman. Mouton accepts his new rôle, but delivers the Queen from her enemies. Acclaimed by the people as their true prince, Queen Jane suggests a marriage, and Mouton becomes King-consort, in which position he is recognized as a bagman by the envoy of France. Jane forthwith simulates madness; the mortified Mac-Razor and some confederates revenge themselves by assuming a disguise and putting in an appearance as Mouton's "poor relations," to the awful scandal of the court; and finally the true Bruce, Robert XX., comes on the scene to dissolve the marriage, and himself to wed the Queen.

Such is the worse than ridiculous stuff—we might say the poor, humourless, inane foolery—which, immediately after a terrible foreign war, and a still more terrible civil strife, has been offered to and accepted by Paris. After this what are we to think of our neighbours, save that the terrible sentence has gone forth against them—"Ephraim is joined to his idols; let him alone."

THE following appeared, last Saturday, in the leading columns of our evening daily contemporary, the *Globe*:—

"If report speaks truly, a terrible act of retribution is about to be accomplished by the dramatic critics of the London press. A well-known actor has lately inserted advertisements in the papers, in which it would be difficult to decide which most predominates, silliness or bad taste. He paraded all the criticisms that had been written of his acting in a certain part, and then called on the public to laugh at them. The vanity of the man was inadequate to the proper comprehension of the consideration shown to him by those gentlemen who, if they damned with faint praise, did so, no doubt, from motives of kindness, and a desire to let him down easily, which it is possible they now regret. For the future, it is said, the offending actor's existence will be ignored by the public press, and neither praise nor blame meted out to him; in fact, if he were to play Hamlet, the criticism on that play would be written, with the part of Hamlet left out! No doubt the sentence is severe, and it is not for us to decide whether it be just or justifiable. But the actor's share in the transaction may in all probability be traced to that milk-and-water style of criticism to which we drew attention a few days ago. A player may be admirable as Mercutio and detestable in King Lear, but that is no reason why, because he is rightly praised in the one character, he is, as a matter of course, to be praised in the other. He may not see this himself, and, with the fatuity peculiar to his profession, may perhaps think that if he is good in one part he must be equally good in another, and it is therefore a hardship if the public is not told so through their dramatic advisers. Critics must give up being good-natured. It is, of course, a laudable feeling that restrains this censure of young aspirants, whose bread they may be the cause of losing, but it must be remembered that in all other professions everybody has to perform his part competently or retire. We fear that this last episode in the history of the British stage, 'though it make the unskilful laugh, cannot but make the judicious grieve.'"

We trust and believe that our excellent friends, the dramatic critics, are not about to do anything so silly. The folly of the "well-known actor" is egregious enough, but such a way of rebuking it would reach the height of stupidity. Furthermore, it would appear to us that the editors in chief ought to have some voice in the matter. The duty of the critics is clearly to them, as representatives of the various journals for which the services of the critics are engaged. Such a step on the part of the employed, without taking into consideration the possible opinions of their employers, would be neither more nor less than to ignore legitimate authority *in toto*. We attach, however, no credence whatever to the report.

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

WE record with much regret the death of Mr. Isaac Collins, the well-known professor and teacher of the violin. He was the father and only tutor of the distinguished violinist, Mr. Viotti Collins, and the late no less distinguished violoncellist, Mr. George Collins, and the other talented members comprising the "Collins Family." About forty years ago, when Signor Paganini was so popular, Mr. Isaac Collins made his appearance in London, and created a great sensation by his performances on the violin; and being the first and only Englishman who played in the Italian school, he was styled "The English Paganini." His memory will ever be cherished by a large circle of friends and pupils, and by all who had the pleasure of knowing him as one of the most generous and kind-hearted of men.

L'Europe Artiste tells us that the shares in Herr Wagner's scheme at Bayreuth go off very slowly. "Capital has pockets, but no ears." The Court of Nassau has taken two, and Wagner encourages other possible buyers by a warning that the strength of the new theatre must depend upon the liberality of the subscriptions. "Toujours étonnant, ce Wagner," says our contemporary, and so say we.

OUR waggish contemporary the *Graphic*, noticing the production of Meyerbeer's *chef d'œuvre* at Cairo, observes:—

"It was once said (Wagner said it by the way) that Protestants and Catholics quarrelled, and a Jew set their quarrels to music. Surely the irony of the situation is intensified when the Infidel gets amusement out of all three.

If the Viennese Exhibition should prove a failure it will not be for want of anticipatory preparation in every department. A meeting was held last week at the Academy of Music, Vienna, for the purpose of arranging a musical festival to take place during the Exhibition of 1873. Some two dozen or more of the musical societies of this city and its environs were represented on the occasion. Dr. Stanicik, of the Academy of Music, was in the chair; a central committee was formed; and the following resolution was carried:—"That three or four concerts of the united choral societies in Vienna and the suburbs should be held in the rotunda of the Exhibition building." It was also agreed upon that, after the German school of music had been duly honoured, the concerts should be of an artistic, vocal, and purely cosmopolitan character.

H. L. B.

SEVERAL of our dramatists, more and more original, are inventing additional acts for the pieces they have borrowed. Mr. Wills, in treating the German melodrama, *Hinko*, added a new last act to his work; but Mr. Burnand has preferred to fit *Le Juif Polonais* with a new first act; and Mr. Mortimer enriched, in a similar manner, *La Joie fait Peur*, played at the Globe. The art of writing new first acts is not difficult. What in the original first act is told in narrative, must, in the new first act, be put into drama. Thus, suppose *Hamlet* to need a new first act—which it does quite as much as *Le Juif Polonais* or *La Joie fait Peur*—then the chief incident would be the murder of Hamlet's father. Serve *Othello* in the same way, and the new first act would be composed of materials furnished by the Moor in his speech before the senate. Let us picture to ourselves *Romeo and Juliet* adorned with a new first and a new last act. The new first act would have to be devoted to Romeo's adventure with Rosaline. As to the last, we are not quite so certain—for the making of new last acts admits of more variety. But it would probably be thought desirable to bring the lovers to life, so that the play might have a "happy ending." An act showing merely how the Capulets and Montagues became reconciled would involve much dialogue, and, unless new incidents could be introduced, might be found tedious.

A CORRESPONDENT grows pathetic over the rumour, probably untrue, that Mdlle. Taglioni intends to return to London and give dancing lessons. "I am old enough," he says, "to remember this queen of the ballet not quite, perhaps in her prime, but when she had lost little of 'the exquisite grace, the floating lightness of step, and the bounding strength' which her admirers delighted to recognize. Who can forget the famous 'Pas de Quatre,' produced more than twenty-five years ago at her Majesty's, with Taglioni, Carlotta Grisi, Cerito, and Lucille Grahn?" Mr. Lumley's description of his difficulties on this occasion must make managers thankful that they have to allow only for the caprices of actors and actresses, or singers, and that the ballet, as in his day, has no existence. "The government of a great State," says the somewhat too despotic Lumley, in his "Memoirs," "was but a trifle compared with the government of such subjects as I was supposed to command." Material obstacles were easily overcome in the production of this famous *divertissement*. When, for example, it was feared the Carlotta Grisi would otherwise be unable to arrive here from Paris in time to rehearse, relays of horses were provided to bring the sylph to Calais, a steamer was chartered to waft her across the channel, and a special train was in waiting for her at Dover. But it was on the stage that the chief obstacles were to be overcome. "Every twinkle of every foot in every *pas* had to be nicely weighed, so as to escape individual preponderance. Each dancer was to shine to the utmost in her peculiar style, but no one to outshine the others—unless in her own opinion." On the morning of the event the ladies quarrelled with charming frankness over the all-important question of precedence. The place of honour, last in such cases, was ceded, without hesitation, to Mdlle. Taglioni, but the others claimed equal rights, and neither would appear first. Manager Lumley solved the difficulty by suggesting that the eldest should appear last. When this suggestion reached the ladies they laughed, drew back, and left the order of precedence to Perrot, the ballet master. The "Pas de Quatre" was danced, became the topic of the day, and produced an excitement even across the Channel. Foreign Courts received, along with official despatches, detailed accounts of its wonders. "It was literally a European event!"

GOOD taste in matters of toilette has certainly its charm; but it is carried to an exaggerated pitch in Paris. In *Adrienne Lecouvreur*, just revived at the Théâtre Français, one of the chief attractions is the splendid costume of M^{me}. Arnould Plessy, which critics tell us was designed by M. Perrin, ex-manager of the Opera, who lately succeeded M. Thierry at "la Maison de Molière." In a new piece at the Gymnase there is an exhibition of dress which, as a theatrical writer remarks, is enough to set a young lady just escaped from a convent dreaming. M^{lle}. Angelo, who plays a countess, appears at the Academy in golden hair, and clothed in a "*robe prune de Monsieur, où il y a peu à prendre et beaucoup à laisser.*" This dress is *retroussée* with white satin, and has velvet flounces, which make it rather heavy; but the golden locks are to be praised without reserve, and "*leur nimbe affriolant fait avec la beauté si pure et si distingué de la sympathique artiste un contraste piquant des plus réussis.*" As for M^{me}. Fromentin, she is dressed with severe taste, and M^{lle}. Pierson in an exquisite manner, which harmonizes with her placid beauty; but our critic goes into raptures over M^{lle}. Massin, whose toilette he thus describes:—

"Sonnez clairons, battez tambours, voici M^{lle}. Massin qui s'avance en demoiselle Benoit de province. Robe de faye rose; tunique de gaze blanche garnie en bordure d'une guirlande de fleurs brodée en soie plate; la tunique, retroussée par une ceinture rose, forme ensuite traîne plaquée sur la jupe. Corsage à bretelles répétant les broderies blanches de la tunique et, courant sur l'ensemble de la toilette, un effilé boule-de-neige rose d'une grâce et d'une coquetterie achevées. Chapeau à plume rose avec voile de gaze blanche en serrant le visage à la juive et allant se perdre ensuite dans le dos en plis flottants. Rayonnante de jeunesse et de gaieté, cette toilette vaut à M^{lle}. Massin, à l'unanimité du suffrage des lognettes, le premier prix d'élégance."

PROVINCIAL.

WARRINGTON.—A correspondent sends us the following notice of a concert recently given by Mr. Oakden of this town:—

"Mr. Oakden, the popular *entrépreneur* of this town, gave his second subscription concert on Monday last, to a large and fashionable audience. The first concert of the series was Italian, the second a ballad concert. For the latter, Mr. Oakden secured the services of Misses Banks and Alice Fairman, Messrs. Vernon Rigby and Maybrick (vocalists); M. Sainton (violin), and Mr. Stanislaus (pianoforte). Among the noticeable features of the concert were 'Oh! the Oak and the Ash,' and 'Sweetly o'er my senses stealing,' in both of which Miss Banks was warmly encored, substituting for the former 'The Bailiff's daughter of Islington,' and for the latter 'There's nae luck about the house.' Mr. Vernon Rigby, a native of Warrington, created an immense sensation in 'The Death of Nelson,' to an encore for which he replied by 'My pretty Jane,' and in 'The Thorn,' which being also encored, he treated his hearers to 'La donna è mobile,' the last verse of which he was compelled to repeat. Miss Fairman obtained (and deserved) great applause for a very pretty new song by Henriette:—'What might have been'—and pleased much in 'She wore a wreath of roses.' Mr. Maybrick, no less fortunate in 'A warrior bold,' won an encore, in answer to which he gave Dr. Boyce's 'Heart of Oak.' In 'Ruddier than the cherry,' he was equally applauded. M. Sainton played two solos in masterly style, and accompanied Mr. Stanislaus in a duet for violin and pianoforte, on themes from *Oberon*. M. Sainton was encored in one of his solos—'Fantasia on Scotch airs.' Mr. Stanislaus proved an efficient conductor, besides contributing two charming 'musical sketches' of his own. The concert was a thorough success, and the audience appreciated the efforts of the artists Mr. Oakden had engaged and the programme he had selected."

BLACKBURN.—From the *Blackburn Times*, of November 25, we glean the following:—

"The assembly-room of the town hall was filled on Monday evening when a concert was given in aid of the funds for the restoration of the organ of the Blackburn Parish Church. The list of patrons included his Worship the Mayor (Thomas Bury, Esq.), the borough and county members, and a considerable proportion of the clergy and gentry of the town. Mr. T. S. Hayward, organist of the Parish Church, was the promoter of the concert, and was solo pianist on the occasion. The other artists were—Miss Annie Hall, pupil of Sig. Randegger, Mr. H. Bywater, and Mr. Henry Hayward. Mr. T. S. Hayward is in good repute in Blackburn, and the favourable impression he has made was greatly increased by the brilliant style in which he accompanied the vocalists and executed the solos set down to him. The successful character of the concert, musically as well as financially, will be a source of gratification to Mr. Hayward, as the promoter, and to others who have a share of the management."

BELLECK. The two concerts given this year in aid of the funds of the Protestant Orphan Society have been very successful. The *Ennis-killen Advertiser* makes the following remarks:—

"We have written so often on the Belleck concert, that there is really nothing left us now to say on that annual gala of melody and harmony. The vocalists were—Miss Edwards, Miss Bloomfield, the Misses Crampton and Mr. J. F. Jones; the instrumentalists—violin, Rev. J. Crampton; pianoforte, Miss Edwards, and Mr. J. C. Culwick accompanist. The kind exertions of Mr. and Mrs. Bloomfield in aid of this charity cannot be too highly praised; the work of the musician is nothing in comparison to theirs, and we have every hope that one of the largest contributions to the funds of the Protestant Orphan Society will be sent this year. Mr. Bloomfield himself is of opinion that charity and the public are chiefly indebted to Miss Edwards for the pleasure and the good of these annual concerts; and, as representing a Protestant and charitable feeling, we can join him in again expressing thanks to that gifted lady for her renewed exertions in the cause of the orphans, so that this great interest can be combined with the presentation of the finest classical music and the most finished cultivation of heaven's blissful attributes."

PETWORTH (Sussex).—Mrs. John Macfarren gave a pianoforte and vocal recital in the town hall, on Tuesday, Nov. 21, which attracted all the *élite* of Petworth and its neighbourhood. The accomplished pianist's performance of a series of pieces by Mendelssohn, Weber, Handel, Mozart, &c., and of one of Beethoven's sonatas, was highly appreciated by the audience, and elicited frequent and prolonged applause. Miss Annie Sinclair gave with effect the *scena* from *Der Freischütz*, "Vedrai carino," and "Should he upbraid," and in "The beating of my own heart," by Mr. G. A. Macfarren, was unanimously encored. Mrs. John Macfarren was recalled after Brissac's Scottish fantasia, and repeated the brilliant arrangement of the concluding air by general desire.

BRIGHTON.—Last week, the members of the Brighton Amateur Madrigal Union gave a concert at Lewes, in aid of the St. John's School fund. The Rev. G. E. Cotterill acted as conductor. There was a large and influential attendance. The programme had been carefully prepared, and the several pieces were creditably rendered. Among the vocalists was the Rev. A. P. Perfect, incumbent of St. John's.—The members of the Rottingdean Church Choir, recently formed, assisted by several ladies and gentlemen residing in and near Rottingdean, gave a concert in aid of the funds of the Sussex County Hospital, on Thursday evening week. The entertainment took place in the national school room. There was a very large attendance; and the proceeds of the concert, after payment of incidental expenses, amounted to £10. This sum has been handed over to the charity.

SHEFFIELD.—Mr. Crowther Alwyn has given a concert here with great success, assisted by Miss Sophie Ferrari as vocalist, and, as instrumentalists, by Mr. Henry Holmes (violin), and Signor Pezze (violoncello). The *Sheffield Times* has the following remarks about some of the pieces given:—

"Mendelssohn's exquisitely written trio in D minor for piano, violin, and violoncello, served effectually to inaugurate the performances. Mr. Alwyn's interpretation of the trio was masterly in the extreme. A solo, by Spohr (Adagio in E), was peculiarly adapted to show to advantage the finished execution, amounting to absolute refinement, which has secured for Mr. Holmes a foremost place in his profession. The *début* of Miss Sophie Ferrari was, too, a decided success. Possessed of an undeniably fine soprano voice, of unexceptionable purity, Miss Ferrari has the double advantage of a careful and finished training. The fair *débütante* is the daughter of the late Signor Ferrari, who was many years well known as one of the leading musical teachers of the day. Her rendering of Handel's magnificent song, 'Angels ever bright and fair,' evinced not merely skilful vocalisation, but exquisite taste and feeling—so much so that the audience, at the conclusion, rapturously demanded an *encore*. Having, however, to appear immediately afterwards, Miss Ferrari did no more than bow her acknowledgements. Her subsequent efforts must only be spoken of in terms of the highest praise. The audience were greatly pleased—and with good reason—with her brilliant rendering of Proch's 'Air and variations.' We must not omit to mention that Mr. J. C. Walker—than whom we have not a more sterling local musician—ably officiated as accompanist."

HANOVER.—Herr Ullman's celebrated Concert Company lately visited this town. The large Thalia Hall was crammed, and the audience were in raptures. What more could an *impresario* desire? All the artists reaped a rich harvest of applause; the said artists being Madame Monbelli, M^{lle}. Mehlig, M^{lle}. Hamakers, Herr Hills, Signor Nicotini, the Florentine Quartet, Signor Sivioli, Herr Grutzmacher, and Herr Carl Oberthur. The last-named gentleman was especially successful in his own composition, "La Cascade."

OUR CONTEMPORARIES.

There has been a good deal written about the two works by Mr. Frederick Clay and the Hon. Seymour Egerton, which were publicly performed on Wednesday week, at St. James's Hall. Our readers may like to see some of the conflicting opinions. The critic of the *Observer* winds up as follows:—

"There was plenty of real merit in both works, and they gave evidence of the high state of musical cultivation and genuine enthusiasm for the art prevailing among a certain class of London amateurs of which the Civil Service Musical Society forms the centre. Mr. Frederick Clay, the composer of *The Red Cross Knight*, is widely known by numbers of popular songs, distinguished for their tenderness and poetical fancy, and several operettas whose merit has been widely recognised. In the contrasted scenes of his libretto he has had ample chance for brilliant and variegated orchestral colour, and he has made the most of it. The recitative and two dances, with chorus, descriptive of Oriental revelry, and a serenade, "Shine, tender dawn of day," were particularly good; and it is not too much to say that Mr. Clay will for the future have a reputation far higher than that which is usually awarded to the mere minstrels of the drawing-room. The various dramatic compositions in which Mr. Clay has assisted, and the frequent entertainments which he has coloured with his musical fancy, have gained him a high character with musicians. He has now made a conspicuous advance. Mr. Egerton's '*Pastoral*,' a series of four pictures illustrating the seasons, had not the advantages which Mr. Clay's subject afforded him of continual variety; still it contains much that is interesting and effective; for instance, the quartet with chorus, 'O King eternal and divine,' the 'Maypole Dance,' and the chorus, 'On a rosy cloud.'"

The subjoined is extracted from a highly eulogistic article, which appeared in the *Standard* on the day after the performance:—

"It is their appreciation of the capabilities of the musical art, besides the skilful use they make of it, which places these gentlemen above the heads of many other talented amateurs, justifies their appearance before the public in the capacities of composers, and entitles them to more than ordinary consideration. As a writer for voices, Mr. F. Clay particularly shines, although his instrumentation is effective and musician-like. The Hon. Seymour Egerton evidently favours his orchestra, and produces from it pleasing and telling effects. Like Mr. Clay, he displays the hand of a master rather than that of an amateur, whilst proclaiming his adherence to that school of musical composition so nobly represented by the genial and all-honoured Mendelssohn."

The numbers most worthy of remark in Mr. Clay's works are the bass song, 'Say, whose is the standard,' the serenade, 'Shine, tender dawn of day,' and the finale, 'The green crescent flag.' The best parts of the Hon. Seymour Egerton's cantata are the air, 'Streams o'er verdant meadows flowing,' the part song, 'To the voice of spring time hearken,' the air, 'Summer comes on golden wing,' and the introductory, incidental, and symphonic movements. Several of these were re-demanded, and created great enthusiasm among the audience."

MR. SIMS REEVES IN BIRMINGHAM.

Our great tenor has been adding to the attractions of Birmingham during the Cattle Show week; and, concerning one of his performances, we read in the *Daily Gazette*, of Tuesday, as thus:—

"If proof were wanting of the lasting popularity of our great English tenor, it might be found in the crowded state of the Theatre Royal last night. Mr. Sims Reeves commenced a brief engagement of four nights, and the house was crammed in every part. At any time of the year the name of Sims Reeves would attract large audiences, but in Cattle Show week, when the town is so full of visitors, crowded houses are doubly certain. The pieces played were Gay's *Beggar's Opera*, and *The Waterman*, which were, well calculated to prove irresistibly attractive. Mr. Sims Reeves has played them here so recently that it is necessary to say little concerning his performances last night. He was in excellent voice, and played the dashing Captain Macheath with spirit. As we have before pointed out, he is too polished, and refined, and gentlemanly to give a really fair representation of the character. This may be an error on the right side, as it would be exceedingly easy to make such a part coarse, low, and vulgar; and Mr. Sims Reeves, to avoid degeneracy of this kind, takes an opposite view of the character. The representative of Captain Macheath has a very arduous part, having to sing in no less than eighteen pieces. Some are, however, so exceedingly brief, that there is not so much to sing after all. Many have a popular character, witness—'Were I laid on Greenland's coast,' 'How happy could I be with either,' 'If the heart of man,' 'Here's to the maiden of bashful fifteen'; with these sung with such art, voice, taste, and skill as Mr. Reeves displayed last night, the audience was naturally delighted. The great tenor was better supported than usual; Miss Blanche Cole acting the part of Polly Peachum with considerable ability, and singing the music in a far more artistic fashion, and with a much better voice than is often the case. Mr. W. Glydon lent good assistance to the piece by taking his old part, Mat o' the Mint, and many of the other characters were creditably played by members of the general company. In the *Waterman*, Mr. Sims Reeves appeared as Tom Tug, and charmed his audience by his rendering of such popular songs as 'Farwell, my trim-built Wherry,' 'The jolly young Waterman,' and 'The Bay of Biscay,' which are included in the part. Miss Blanche Cole took the character of Wilhelmina, and sang and acted gracefully and well."

CRYSTAL PALACE CONCERTS.

It is hardly to be expected that in such a lengthened series of concerts as that given at the Crystal Palace each programme can be of equal interest. To provide a novelty or a revival of some long-forgotten composition every week is beyond the capacity of any executive; and if the concert of Saturday had no special attraction, it must be borne in mind that an uneventful day in the musical calendar at Sydenham is the exception rather than the rule. All the pieces but one given at the ninth Saturday concert were very familiar to the public, and the comparative rarity came first. It was Sir William Sterndale Bennett's overture to *The May Queen*, composed in 1858, and since too seldom heard in London. If we remember rightly, the cantata was first performed at St. Martin's Hall, under the direction of Mr. Hullah, when Madame Lemmens-Sherrington (then Miss Sherrington) took the principal part. The bright, melodious, and charmingly-written overture, whenever it is played, must give rise to sincere regret that the pen of our greatest English composer is laid by. The Symphony was Mozart's *Jupiter*, a work more generally known to the musical public in this country than either the G minor or the E flat. It was wonderfully well played. Mr. Charles Hallé gave Mendelssohn's Concerto No. 2, in D minor, with that remarkable neatness of execution which has always been a distinguished mark of his playing. The announcement that he would also perform Stephen Heller's Caprice on Schubert's melody, *La Truite*, was probably welcome to many. Mr. Hallé's playing of this very difficult transcription, if it may be so called, is a notable achievement, and his name is more frequently associated with it than that of any other pianist. Mendelssohn's *Ruy Blas* overture came last in the programme. The vocalists were Mdlle. Jeanne Devries, Signor Borella, and Signor Vizzani. The lady was very heartily applauded in the cavatina, "Ah! fors'è lui," from *La Traviata* and Signor Borella gave the air of Leporello, "Madamina," in *Don Giovanni*. Signor Vizzani's solo was "Dalla sua pace," from the same opera.

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.

This society entered upon its new season on Friday evening s'evenight with a performance of *Israel in Egypt*. As usual, the opening event was heralded by a prospectus which, also, as usual, told little. In the present case, however, little proved to be worth much, if only for an assurance that the society will remain at Exeter Hall. Last season's experience in the great circus at Kensington Gore was, apparently, not of a nature to encourage thoughts of removal; and now the directors limit themselves to considering the propriety of being casual tenants of Albert Hall some time in May and June. Few will regret this; for, however inconvenient Exeter Hall may be, reaching it does not involve a journey to the circumference of London. As regards works to be performed, the prospectus observes a customary reticence, promising things which have not recently been forthcoming, but leaving both their number and their nature unrevealed. We may assume that, for the most part, a beaten track will be trodden over again, and that the society will devote its chief energies to half-a-dozen familiar works. Of course nothing is easier than to prove that our greatest and most prosperous musical institution should bring forward things new as well as old; but, on the other hand, it is equally easy to advance a justification, such as most men would accept, of the present system. "Nothing succeeds like success;" and the Sacred Harmonic directors can urge that the highest success is theirs, as exemplified by a full subscription and crowded audiences. Moreover, the works they perform are the noblest—works worthy, at least, of the ten concerts a year devoted to them. "Let smaller societies attack smaller things; we, with our big battalions, will answer for the colossi of oratorio." So might a defender of the "Sacred Harmonic" put its case; and we are not sure that the case is a very bad one after all.

The performance of *Israel in Egypt* must have had a special interest for those acquainted with recent discussions as to the degree in which its music may rightfully be called Handel's. All questions of the sort are attractive, this being especially so on account of the surpassing grandeur of the disputed work; but to enter upon it in any other than the exhaustive fashion impossible here would avail nothing; and, as far as we are concerned, whether Handel stole from Erba even more than he did from Kerle and Stradella must remain undecided. After all, the question is merely personal, while a verdict against Handel would take away little or nothing from his fame. A much greater fact for us is that *Israel in Egypt* exists as the sublimest specimen of choral music which the mind of man can conceive. Its performance was on the usual scale of grandeur and completeness; Sir Michael Costa once more facing a mighty orchestra and a numerous chorus—the former reaching up to the level of the organ, and crowning that height with

unquestionably ponderous artillery. Once more, too, M. Sainton assumed the place of *chef d'attaque*, for which no "leader" is better fitted; and Mr. James Coward again discharged with care the responsible duties of organist. A general efficiency was soon proved, for never, perhaps, did *Israel in Egypt* have greater justice done to it. The choruses which specially demand vigour and precision were rendered in magnificent style: witness the "Hailstone" (encored), "But the waters overwhelmed," and "The horse and his rider." Nor was much lacking in cases of a more exigent sort. The intricacies of "He led them through the deep" failed to baffle; and even "The people shall hear" succumbed more completely than usual to the attack of Sir M. Costa's disciplined hosts. In brief, the choral performance was a triumph.

Solo vocalists are always at a disadvantage when "*Israel*" is concerned; and, as a rule, they appear conscious of the fact. Nevertheless the solo vocalists of Friday evening carried off no mean honours. Madame Lemmens-Sherrington sang "Thou didst blow" in her best style, and delivered the solos of Miriam with all requisite energy and breadth. Miss Elton was heard to advantage in "Thou shalt bring them in," and Mr. Vernon Rigby had to repeat "The enemy said," which bustling air he never gave with greater vigour or better effect. The showy bass duet, "The Lord is a man of war" capably sung by Mr. Lewis Thomas and Mr. Brandon, was also encored. Miss Vinta, as second soprano, took part with Madame Sherrington in "The Lord is my strength." To the tact and skill of Sir Michael Costa's conducting no testimony need be borne.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

Les Huguenots took possession of the stage on Saturday night. Any performance of Meyerbeer's great opera, under the conditions of a winter season, may claim indulgence; and it is highly creditable to Mr. Mapleson that he found himself able to present the work at all. True, the advantage of having at command such resources as those of Covent Garden Theatre was great; but *Les Huguenots* demands far more than a *mise-en-scène*; it demands artists, and plenty of them. Not only was the first requirement met, but also the second; Mdle. Tietjens again sustaining the part of Valentina, and Madame Trebelli-Bettini that of Urbano; the other important rôles falling to Mdle. Colombo (Queen), Signor Fancelli (Raoul), Signor Agnesi (St. Bris), Signor Mendioroz (Nevers), and Signor Antonucci (Marcel). Of these capable artists the first two may be described as unapproachable, and Mdle. Tietjens again threw her whole energies into an assumption which, for both vocal and dramatic power, was a masterpiece; while the singing of Madame Trebelli gratified the most exacting taste. So often have the Valentina of the one and the Urbano of the other been described, that it is unnecessary to dwell upon them here. With regard to Mdle. Tietjens, however, we must state that her by-play in the plot scene was a study of its kind; and that her share in the great duet proclaimed, as loudly as on a hundred former occasions, that one of the greatest of lyric artists still remains to us. Mdle. Colombo began doubtfully as Marguerite; but, when nervousness wore off, she did herself more justice and sang with fluency and skill. The Raoul of Signor Fancelli was, in some respects, a surprise, inasmuch as few could have been prepared for his really meritorious singing and acting in the great duet. He gave a vigorous and conscientious reading of the music, avoiding nothing, and delivering everything with a force and propriety which the audience recognized by recalling him, as well as Mdle. Tietjens, amid great enthusiasm. A perfect Raoul is no more to be expected than a perfect Don Giovanni; and, in his absence, the Raoul of Signor Fancelli deserves to have some store set by it. Signor Mendioroz was acceptable as Nevers, and gained a special round of applause by his delivery of the indignant refusal to join in the plot of St. Bris, who had an efficient representative in Signor Agnesi. Signor Antonucci, a bluff and vigorous Marcel, distinguished himself in the fine duet, "Nolla notte;" and the subordinate characters were more or less adequately sustained. Of the stage effects we need not speak. *Les Huguenots* was repeated on Wednesday afternoon, with nearly the same cast.

Lucia was played on Monday, and *La Traviata* on Tuesday; *Don Pasquale*, with Mdle. Marimon as Norina (first time), appeared in Thursday's bills, and *Robert le Diable* in those of Friday. *Il Trovatore* is announced for to-night.

WHAT IS A MEZZO-SOPRANO.

Sir,—That work ill remunerated is usually ill done, is a truth demonstrated by every-day experience, and in no particular is this made plainer than in the musical criticisms (?) of provincial newspapers. The *Chatham News* has the following:—

"Miss Blanche Reives received an encore for her expressive manner of rendering "Tell me, my heart" substituting "She wore a wreath of roses." Miss Reives possesses a strong and flexible mezzo-soprano voice," &c.

The facts of the case are, that in "Tell me, my heart," Miss Reives introduced a cadenza to F in alt., and in the "Shadow Song," one extending to G flat; but in the face of all this, the *Midas* of Chatham decides that she is a mezzo-soprano. Considering how much public taste is, or at least should be, influenced by its press, could it not be possible to induce editors to offer such remuneration for reviews of musical events as would persuade the local professor to undertake them? The glorious ambiguity behind which the barber, who plays the tin whistle, usually veils his ignorance protects him from criticism, much less any more stringent process, but in this case the mis-statement is so flagrant that contradiction is easy.—I enclose my card, and am, Sir, yours &c.

A LONDON PROFESSOR.

To the Editor of the "Musical World."

W A I F S.

Madame Ristori is at Berlin, where she will appear on the 29th.

Mr. Maccabe has taken the Charing Cross Theatre for a short term.

A Spanish translation of *Shakespeare* has been committed to the press by the Marquis of Dos Hermanas.

Liszt and F. Hiller both celebrated, last month, their sixtieth anniversary.

The Government has given an annual grant of £150 to the Irish Academy of Music.

Miss Clara Louise Kellogg has concluded an engagement to appear in opera, in San Francisco, at the close of the present month.

Shakespeare is at last to have a statue—not on the Embankment, but at the end of Park Lane and Hamilton Place.

Mr. Charles Davis, the bandmaster recently imprisoned by a Rajah in India, has been released at the instigation of the British Government.

Professor Glover's oratorio, *St. Patrick*, will be performed in Dublin, on the 16th December, with a chorus and band of 250 performers.

It is rumoured (says the *Musical Standard*) that Wagner's *Lohengrin*, with Mariani as the hero, is to be given in London during the coming season.

It is said that Mr. Vining will bring an action against a weekly journal for libel in connection with his representation of Count Fosco, in the *Woman of White*.

M. D-laborde is in Paris. He will return to London to play at the Saturday Popular Concert of December 9th, upon the new pedalier grand pianoforte of Messrs. Broadwood and Sons.

Madame Emmeline Cole has been engaged by Mr. Sefton Parry, as principal soprano for the opening of the New Theatre Royal, Hull, on the 26th instant.

Gentlemen students of the Royal Academy of Music, with Sir Sterndale Bennett's cordial sanction, intend giving an Invitation Ball at the Queen's Rooms, Hanover Square, on the 12th proximo.

Miss Marie Courtenay, a young contralto, of whom we have already made favourable mention, appeared lately at Leamington, in an operetta by Signor Aspe, and in the burlesque of *William Tell*, with decided success.

We are threatened with a new edition of Beethoven's Sonatas, showing how the master would probably have written had he possessed a modern instrument. What next, and next?—*Graphic*.

Mdle. Christine Nilsson has been carrying everything before her in New York. She shortly goes to Philadelphia, then back again to New York, and then "far west." Her success in the States is prodigious.

The Royal National Opera brought to a close their season of five weeks, at the Standard Theatre, on Saturday night, by an extra performance, in which both Madame Rudersdorff and Miss Rose Hersee appeared.

The result of the experiment tried at the Queen's, in placing ballot boxes throughout the theatre to enable the visitors to *The Tempest* to record their votes in favour of the next play of *Shakespeare* to be represented, has been the selection of *Hamlet*, *Macbeth*, and *Pericles*.

Mario, residing with his three daughters in the suburbs of London has received offers to sing on the Continent. His last contract with Mr. Gye forbids his appearance in England at any public performance. — *Orchestra.*

Mlle. Liebhart is making a successful tour in the provinces, accompanied by Miss Janet Haydon, Mr. E. Lloyd, Mr. Lander, Herr Sauvet (flute), and others. Every visitor to her concerts receives a *carte* of the lady as a memento.

On Sunday, the Rev. Mr. Mackie intimated from the pulpit the result of the *plebiscite* on the question, Shall an organ be introduced in Elgin parish church. There were 910 ayes, 66 noes, and two persons neutral. This majority was more than the kirk-session had expected; but they resolved not to persevere with the matter until the opposition had been withdrawn.

By the new regulations for the improvement of the army, the expense of military bands will be borne by the Government, and all military music masters and band masters will have to undergo a strict examination as to their knowledge of music, both theoretical and practical—it was high time for such a course. Many band-masters now holding appointments will have to look sharp.

Dr. White, of Waterford, gave his popular entertainment, "Legendary Tales and Songs of Nations" at the Falkirk School of Arts, on Wednesday evening week, with vocal and instrumental illustrations. The lecture was received with much applause by a very crowded audience. The doctor invests the airs of Ireland, that speak so well the plaintive tale of that country's history, with great intensity of passion.

Messrs. Novello, Ewer, & Co. have just published the words of the new "Hymnary," which has been edited by Canon Cooke and the Rev. B. Webb of St. Andrew's, Well's Street. The Hymnary contains about 650 hymns, many of them translated from the Latin and Greek for the first time. The tune-book to the Hymnary will be published about next Lent. It is edited by Mr. Barnby, and with him are associated many of the most distinguished musicians of the day.

The government will give an annual grant of £150 to the Irish Academy of Music, with the proviso that competent professors are to be placed at the heads of each department of instruction. The Tenterden Street institution, the chartered Royal Academy of Music, has a subsidy of £500 per annum. Perhaps, in time, the schools of the people will be more liberally considered, and a "subvention" for a National Opera-house may not be despaired of.

THE ORATORIO CONCERTS.—The Second Subscription Concert is announced to take place on the 6th inst., when Mendelssohn's *Elijah* will be performed. The principal soli parts will be sustained by Madame Cora de Wilhorst, Miss Julia Elton, Mr. Sims Reeves, and Herr Stockhausen, the last named gentleman singing the part of "Elijah," for the first time in London. The subordinate parts will be sung by Miss Katherine Poyntz, Miss Marion Severn, Mr. Raynham, Mr. Stedman, Mr. Holland, and Mr. Thurley Beale.

THE ROYAL EDITION OF OPERAS. (Boosey and Co.)—The month of November has brought with it another of these splendid volumes, and Messrs. Sullivan and Pittman have covered themselves with glory by the perfect manner in which they have issued to the public Meyerbeer's great opera of the *Huguenots*. It is difficult to conceive it possible to obtain this most elaborate and important musical work entire, at a price which some years since would barely purchase one of its principal pieces. Here it is, however, not only entire, but beautifully printed and bound, and a marvel of accuracy.—*Queen.*

In a notice of the Saturday Concert, at the Crystal Palace, which took place on Nov. 4th, the anniversary of Mendelssohn's death, and the programme of which was devoted exclusively to his music, the *Queen* has the following about the performance of the first pianoforte concerto:—

"The great *coup* of this concert was the masterly interpretation of the G minor concerto by Madame Arabella Goddard. We have heard this composition played by all the European celebrities, male and female, but we never listened to a more perfect performance than on this occasion. It was faultless in the execution of the most rapid passages, it was intensely poetic in all the sentimental phrases. The manipulation was truly marvellous; the touch was delicacy itself, and yet so clear and vibrating that the softest *pianissimo* penetrated through the vast concert hall to its extreme recesses. In the left-hand runs and octaves the finish was equally remarkable."

Let me give you a curious illustration of the influence of synchronism on musical vibrations. Here are three small gas-flames inserted in three glass tubes of different lengths. Each of these flames can be caused to emit a musical note, the pitch of which is determined by the length of the tube surrounding the flame. The shorter the tube the higher is the pitch. The flames are now silent within their respective tubes, but each of them can be caused to respond to a proper note sounded anywhere in this room. Here is an instrument called a syren, by which

a powerful musical note can be produced. Beginning with a note of low pitch, and ascending gradually to a higher one, I finally reach the note of the flame in the longest tube. The moment it is reached the flame bursts into song. But the other flames are still silent within their tubes. I urge the instrument on to higher notes; the second flame has now started, and the third alone remains. But a still higher note starts it also. Thus, as the sound of the syren rises gradually in pitch, it awakens every flame in passing, by striking it with a series of waves whose periods of recurrence are similar to its own.—JOHN TYNDALL.

The *Graphic*, in an article upon the first Monday Popular Concert of the present series, has the following:—

"Madame Arabella Goddard, who was the solo pianist, followed her old habit of playing some comparative novelty, and brought forward Beethoven's 32 Variations in C minor—a work seldom heard, for reasons which pianists who avoid it may hardly perhaps be ready to give. We do not class these variations among the most attractive Beethoven wrote, but of their difficulty no doubt can exist, while as interesting examples of their kind they yield to none. Madame Goddard played them perfectly, and with an ease which almost made us doubt our personal knowledge of the obstacles to be encountered. She further joined Madame Neruda in Dussek's highly-pleasing Sonata in B flat, for piano and violin, the execution of which was a triumph of feminine art. Dussek's delicate and graceful music could never have been more truthfully expressed than by the ladies who then had it in hand, nor could there have been a more unanimous encore than that awarded to the bright and masterly *Rondo finale*. Madame Goddard's third appearance was in connection with Mendelssohn's splendid trio in C minor, which we never heard played with more irresistible *elan*. How the pianist was supported by Madame Neruda and Signor Piatti need not be said."

A good rocking-chair is almost an instrument of music. It has a special note for various functions. When grandma sits knitting and swaying with the gentlest motion, the rockers keep up a low, contented purr, a sort of drowsy creak, that is given forth to no other one. When the old nervous gentleman gets in, the chair tunes up with a sharp jerking crack, as if a series of small torpedoes were going off. Then when Anst Sally, who is very fat and heavy, sits down, a long and melancholy whine issues from the chair. But when only the children are in it, the old rocking-chair goes whicketty-whack, whicketty-whack, in the most gleesome manner. These sociable chairs never come from modern builders. The moment a cabinet-maker has once touched a French chair his usefulness is over. Comfort forsakes his fingers. The old-fashioned workmen who make old-fashioned rocking-chairs with strong joints, but every joint with a tongue in it, are these not nature's workmen? Do they not keep up in their chairs the forest sounds? This very creak that I now hear is like the weary swinging of a bough pleading with the wind to let it alone and suffer it to fall asleep. This sharp crackling I have heard before, when frosts had screwed up every branch and twig to its utmost tenseness.—H. W. Beecher.

We take the following from the *Graphic* of last week:—

"Prominent among the musical gift-books of the coming season will be 'Christmas Carols, New and Old,' published by Messrs. Novello, Ewer, & Co. Nativity hymns enjoy their full share of the revivalism which, during late years, has rescued from extinction, many observances more or less religious; and 'grave and reverend seigneurs,' both in music and literature, think it no scorn to busy themselves with the humble carol. In the case before us, literature and music are well represented; the former by the Rev. H. R. Bramley, M.A., Fellow of Magdalen; the latter by Mr. John Stainer, M.A., Mus. Doc., organist of the same college. These gentlemen say in their preface, that they have used every effort to obtain traditional carol tunes and words which have escaped the researches of previous collectors. Some pieces of this character are, as they believe, here presented to the public. This is as it should be; every one of the Christmas *volkslieder* having an interest arising from its associations, and most of them being attractive by reason of some quaintness or beauty. To their traditional pieces the editors have joined 'a selection of the best and most popular melodies already published, together with a number of original compositions by eminent musicians.' Among the composers whose names are given in the index, we observe Sir F. G. Onseley, Dr. Steggall, Dr. Elvey, Mr. Goss, Dr. Dykes, Mr. Barnby, Mr. H. Smart, Dr. Stainer, and Mr. A. Sullivan, men of mark sufficient to relieve us from the necessity of noticing their contributions in detail. Enough, then, as regards the contents of the volume, that they are comprehensive, and varied so as to suit all tastes; while the care shown in the editing department leaves not the smallest chance for adverse criticism. Messrs. Bramley and Stainer have fully attained their object, and prepared a work fit to become the standard of its class. On their part, the publishers have spared no cost in turning out a handsome book. Each carol is illustrated by an engraving from the *atelier* of the Brothers Dalziel, the drawings being supplied by artists no less famous than Messrs. J. Leighton, Hughes, Wiegand, F. Walker, Frazer, &c. To notice these illustrations in detail would take up more space than we can afford, but the names given are a sufficient guarantee of excellence. Superb paper, printing, and binding, complete in fitting style a volume, which is not only seasonable, but of value sufficient to make its attraction independent of season altogether."

It is plainly evident that the Royal Albert Hall is not a national building, but has degenerated into a mere local institution. The question which the public want to have answered is, who is responsible for this ill-judged scheme? Primarily, we presume, the Royal Commissioners and the Musical Committee; these noblemen and gentlemen, by selecting one of their own body, Captain the Hon. Seymour Egerton, to be "Acting Superintendent of Music," or, "Deputy Commissioner of Music," as he now styles himself, have in reality sanctioned the whole affair. With respect to the musical capabilities of this gentleman, everyone knows that he is an accomplished amateur violinist and writer; but these facts, which we cheerfully admit, will cause neither professionals nor amateurs to feel confidence in him, let him call himself by what elaborate title he pleases. The first result of his incompetence for the post is seen in the selection of a conductor. The choice, as our readers are aware, has fallen on M. Gounod, one of the cleverest writers of the day, but a Frenchman who knows scarcely anything of the English language, and a conductor who has had but little experience in training large bodies of choristers. It is absurd to pretend that we have no native musicians who are not far better qualified for this difficult task. Have Messrs. Cousins, Leslie, Barnby, Foster, Sullivan, or J. Hullah and G. A. Macfarren, two most able members of the Musical Committee, all refused the post? Or have they never been asked? We suspect the latter surmise is the true one. M. Gounod is undoubtedly an eminent man, but that is no reason why we should find him a berth. English singers, with their pure style and glorious legacy of native compositions, have nothing to learn artistically from their friends over the water. This was proved by the failure of the Orphéonists, who, it may be remembered, visited the Crystal Palace a few years ago; and further by the remarkable success of the English chorists in Paris during the last Exhibition held there. The question however, is not whether Messrs. Egerton and Gounod are efficient, but whether they are the proper persons to fill these posts; and to this we decidedly say—No. The matter now rests in the hands of our numerous and influential amateurs; let them procure and read the strict rules of the new Association, and ponder carefully over this insult to English art; we cannot but think that their protest will take the practical form of having nothing to do with the Albert Hall Choral Society.—*Musical Standard.*

ST. PETERSBURGH.—In recognition of her great merits as an artist, the King of Sweden lately forwarded, through the Swedish Ambassador, to Madame Henriette Nissen-Saloman, the gold medal with the inscription: "Literis et Artibus." It is worn, with a blue ribbon, on the breast. The same lady is already a member of the Swedish Academy of Music at Stockholm, besides holding the diplomas of the St. Cecilia Society at Rome, and the Philharmonic Society at Florence.

CAIRO.—The Viceroy lately ordered his Intendant, Drahnat Bey, to ask Sig. Verdi if, for the consideration of 50,000 francs, he would come here and superintend the rehearsals of his new opera, *Aida*. Verdi declined, but whether from a repugnance to undergo the discomforts of a sea-voyage, or for some other reason, is a fact which neither the writer of the present lines, nor the author of the paragraph whence they were taken, is in a position to say.

BRUGES.—M. Léon Van Gheluwe has been appointed the new director of the Conservatory of Music in this town. He was born at Wanneghem-Lode, lez-Audenarde, the 15th Sept., 1837. He was a pupil of MM. Fétis, Gevaert, and Miry. Among his published works may be mentioned some masses; a collection of six Flemish melodies; a short chorus, "De Roos," and an oratorio, *Venise Sauvée*. The last will shortly be performed at Ghent by the Société Royale de Chœurs.

PRAGUE.—The latest novelty, *Svatopluk's Prondy* (*The Rapids of St John*), at the National Bohemian Theatre, is by Richard Rozkosny, who was highly successful with his first essay, an operetta, produced last year. It has made a decided hit. *Svatopluk's Prondy* is distinguished by melodic freshness, warmth of feeling, and an elevated style. There is a report that it is to be produced at the German Landestheater.—M. Smetana is just finishing his national opera, *Libusa*. Another new work, *Bukovin*, the first dramatic attempt of a young composer, Zdenko Fibich, will shortly be produced. M. Fibich is said to possess considerable ability. In addition to the above, there will, probably, be produced during the present season, two other national works—comic operas—by A. Dworzak, A. Primally, and K. Bendi; Gluck's *Iphigenie in Tauris*; and Spontini's *Vestalin*, not forgetting the two Russian operas, *Rusalka*, and *Russian and Ludmila*, the former by Dargomizskij, the latter by Glinka. It will be seen from the above, that, in the way of original dramatic-musical activity, this capital beats, for the moment, all the other European capitals—like Colman's two fat single gentlemen—"rolled into one."

MUSIC RECEIVED FOR REVIEW.

DUNCAN DAVISON & Co.—"Stella," grand valse de concert, and "Marche Breillienne," composed by Ignace Giboune.
NOVELLO, EWER, & Co.—William Carter's sacred cantata, "Placida," the Christian Martyr.

FAVOURITE SONGS, DUETS, TRIOS, &c.,

COMPOSED BY

HENRY SMART.

	THE POETRY BY	S.	D.
The fairy's whisper	J. P. Douglas ...	3	0
The lady of the Lea	W. H. Bellamy ...	4	0
Hark! the bells are ringing...	W. H. Bellamy ...	3	0
The angel of home	John Brougham...	3	0
Blue eyes	F. Enoch...	3	0
Bird of my dwelling	F. Enoch...	3	0
Flower of my garden	F. Enoch...	3	0
The fairy cricket. Song	F. Enoch...	3	0
Fly like a bird. Song (in E and F).	F. Enoch...	3	0
The roses I thought were mine. Song (in B flat and D flat)	W. Guernsey ...	3	0
Go, whispering breeze	3	0
Wake, Mary, wake (Sung by Mr. Santley)	J. Latay ...	2	0
The echo of the lake. Song (in A and F)	F. Enoch...	3	0
Stay, swallow, here. Ballad	F. Enoch...	3	0
The Abbess. Song	W. H. Bellamy ...	3	0
O tell me not of sorrow	3	0
Sir Roland	Jessica Rankin ...	3	0
The Bird's Love Song	F. Enoch...	3	0
Star of the Valley	F. Enoch...	3	0

DUETS.

May. Duettino for equal voices	3	0
I wait to see the swallows come. Duettino for soprano and mezzo.	F. Enoch...	4	0
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